SIGHS;

OR,

THE DAUGHTER,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS:

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

KOTZEBUE,

WITH ALTERATIONS,

BY

PRINCE HOARE.

I' ho pien di ſoſpir queſt' aer tutto—

Lei, che' l ciel ne moſtrò, terra n'aſconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo; ch' ancor viva
Di ſi fontano a' ſoſpir mici riſponde. PETRARC.

London:

PRINTED FOR MACHELL STACE, PRINCES-STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE,
. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY; AND F. & C. RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1799.

PRINTED BY T. RICKABY.

SICILIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON account of the diſtinguiſhed rank which the name of KOTZEBUE has obtained in the dramatic world, ſome apology may appear due for conſiderable deviations from his original work. That, which I ſhall offer, will not, I preſume to hope, be unacceptable to himſelf.—In adapting this Drama to the Engliſh Stage, I have, according to my ability, endeavoured to render it ſuch as he might have approved, if he lived in England, and had ſtudied the genius of *her* people.

TO MR. COLMAN, I cannot too openly acknowledge my obligations, for the ready and judicious aſſiſtance, which on the preſent, as well as former occaſions, I have received from him, and which his talents and knowledge

knowledge so eminently enable him to bestow.

In the representation of the Comedy, the able and friendly exertions of all the performers lay claim to my warmest thanks.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE,

THE title of our play, at leaſt, is new—
'Tis hard to make the ſubject novel too.
All ſcenes of paſſing life the theme ſupply,
For where's the heart without its ſecret ſigh?
And, hence, our Bard an arduous taſk has try'd,
Since judges muſt abound on ev'ry ſide.
The ſcenic Muſe has drawn, from age to age,
The ſighing race on her impartial page;
And while the motley tribe her thoughts review,
She ſighs herſelf in vain for ſomething new.
The Miſer, as ſhe ſhews you o'er and o'er,
Amid exhauſtleſs heaps, will ſigh for more;
And, could he drain the ſprings of fortune dry,
Still, ſtill for more his ſelfiſh ſoul would ſigh.
The Lover, drooping in the ſilent ſhade,
Is an old dealer in the ſighing trade;
But let the nymph in wedlock eaſe his moan,
He'll ſigh again, perchance, to ſigh alone;
Or, if with tender cares he ſtill ſhould pine,
His ſighs are wafted to another ſhrine.
The Hero's ſwelling boſom ſighs for fame,
To grant his wiſh is but to ſpur his aim:
O'er earth if his victorious banners fly,
For other worlds to conquer ſtill he'll ſigh.

The

The Poet ſighs to lift his laurel'd head
Triumphant o'er the living and the dead;
At laſt he ſighs for wreaths to deck his tomb,
And flouriſh round it in eternal bloom.
The Critic hunts for faults with eager eyes,
And only o'er an author's beauties ſighs;
While you with lib'ral zeal theſe beauties praiſe,
And ſigh if Envy's breath ſhould blaſt his bays.
In ſhort, through wiſe and weak, and great and ſmall,
The ſtage has ſhewn that ſighs intrude on all;
And, let poor mortals gain whate'er they will,
A ſigh for ſomething muſt poſſeſs them ſtill.
To-night, our author, too, with ſighs appears,
The panting progeny of flutt'ring fears:
He fears, alas! the weakneſs of his cauſe,
And ſighs moſt anxiouſly for your applauſe;
Yet, ſhould you give it, 'twill but raiſe new ſighs
For merit to deſerve ſo rich a prize.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VON SNARL, *a rich Merchant*,	Mr. Suett.
TILMAN TOTUM, *his Book-keeper*,	Mr. Fawcett.
ADELBERT, *a Polander, lodging in Von Snarl's Houſe*	Mr. C. Kemble.
LEOPOLD, *Brother to Von Snarl*,	Mr. Barrymore.
NICOLAS, *Servant to Von Snarl*,	Mr. Chippendale.
HANS WILLIAM, *a young Dutchman, a Suitor to Von Snarl's Daughter*,	Mr. Palmer.
JOSEPHINE, *Von Snarl's Daughter*,	Miſs De Camp.
LOUISA, *ſuppoſed Daughter of Mrs. Roſe, Houſekeeper to Von Snarl*,	Mrs. Gibbs.
MRS. ROSE, *Houſekeeper to Von Snarl*,	Mrs. Davenport.
ELLEN, *a Villager*,	Mrs. Bland.

SCENE. A Sea-port in Germany.

SIGHS;

OR,

THE DAUGHTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour: at the back are Doors with glaſs Pannels, through which is diſcovered a large Compting-Houſe, where ſeveral Clerks are writing.

NICOLAS *laying the breakfaſt on the table.*

HOW plaguy croſs my maſter is before breakfaſt! not a good word comes from his mouth till he has put a roll down his throat—*(piles up rolls on a plate)*—It is no little matter that brings him into temper. He will make as much havoc among theſe rolls, as a ſtage-coach would with ſix inſides. Oh, here he comes—now I ſhall get my trimmings, becauſe I aſked for a bit of lace to my coat. "My maſter opens his eyes "and his mouth at the ſame moment in a morn- "ing, and, between hunger and ill temper, ſnaps "at every thing he ſees."

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. And ſo you muſt have lace to your coat! you impertinent puppy! to give me *your* opinions!

Nic. I did not mean any thing, Sir.

V. Sn. And what do you ſpeak for, if you don't mean any thing? hold your tongue at once—that's the ſhorteſt way of ſaying nothing.

Nic. I did not look on it as how you'd be angry.

V. Sn. Who ſays I am angry?—Raſcal, if you did not know the ſweetneſs of my temper, you would not dare to open your lips: always trying to vex me, and ſpoil my temper! But I *will* be quite happy and eaſy, I'm determined, in ſpite of you all. I'll be placid—I'll be ſerene—I'll be meek—I'll be——(*turns to the table, and ſpeaks in a paſſion*)—plague on you!—what do you bring me this heap of dry rolls for? Fetch a muffin.

Nic. Yes, Sir, (*aſide*) I wiſh he would begin to eat—nothing cures his ill humour like plenty of rolls and muffins. [*Exit.*

V. Sn. (*pours out tea*) If a man can lay up an hundred thouſand pounds, and not have a right to his own way of thinking at laſt, there's an end to every thing at once. If I had not the ſweeteſt temper in the world—(NICOLAS *returns with ſeveral muffins*)—Where's the muffins?—Puppy! you don't think my liveries handſome enough! D'ye call theſe muffins? Butter a roll or two. Don't let me ſee you open your (*begins eating muffins*) mouth again, ſirrah.

Nic.

Nic. (aſide) I don't dare anſwer till he has ſwallowed.

V. Sn. (having ſwallowed his morſel) Do you ſtarve?

Nic. (obſerving that he had eat) No—we know better how to follow our maſter's example. We be main well as to the inſide lining. "But—"lud! Sir—there's our neighbour's ſervants be as "fine as ſo many puppets at the wax-work.

"*V. Sn.* Yes, and live on the ſame diet as "puppets at the wax-work. Go down into the "kitchen, you raſcal, and ſtop your mouth."

Nic. What anſwer be I to give to the Polandiſh gentleman, that lodges up ſtairs?

V. Sn. What! now you want to plague me again!

Nic. He have been waiting this half hour to know if you be at leiſure.

V. Sn. Well, I cannot hurry my breakfaſt for him. Zounds! you don't let me ſwallow my victuals. What is the uſe of money if one cannot be happy at one's meals? (NICOLAS *going*) What are you *(peeviſhly)* going away for, before I have done ſpeaking? Probably Mr. Adelbert wants to pay his rent—ſo, as ſoon as I've eat this roll, tell him I'm at leiſure. Go—and don't open your lips. [NICOLAS *bows and exit.*

V. Sn. (taking a large piece of muffin) Laced liveries! no, no—ſolid comfort for me. Oh, here's my lodger.

Enter ADELBERT, *in a Poliſh dreſs.*

Adel. Mr. Von Snarl, I come to wait on you—

V. Sn.

V. Sn. Rent in hand—ſtrict to your word, eh? I'm glad to ſee it. It's not always the caſe with gentlemen of ſmall fortune.

Adel. With *gentlemen* of every fortune:—They profeſs an obligation, over which wealth has no influence.

V. Sn. Aye! what's that?

Adel. Honour.

V. Sn. I ſhould not like my rent in that coin: Honour makes a good cabinet-medal, but won't paſs on 'Change.

Adel. In my country, in Poland, it will—I have ſeen it too in England, at the call of friendſhip or humanity, accepted and endorſed for a man's whole eſtate.

V. Sn. Pſha! why d'ye plague me about England? People love to praiſe every country but the country they live in.

Adel. I am afraid I diſturb you.

V. Sn. No, no, ſit down; a punctual tenant is never any diſturbance. Only that raſcal Nicolas has been trying to ſpoil the ſweetneſs of my temper. Puppy! wants a livery *with a bit of lace (imitating* NICOLAS) as if he could eat lace! *(forced laugh)* ha—ha—as if he could eat lace, eh, Mr. Adelbert! Now, you're a ſenſible man—you prefer the plain dreſs of your country—you're œconomical.

Adel. Neceſſity impoſes that duty on me.

V. Sn. Aye, aye, I know you're not ſo rich as I am. I have been laying up money theſe twenty years. You'd hardly believe, Mr. Adelbert, how intereſt upon intereſt, once ſet a rolling, gathers like a ſnowball. And you ſee *(points to the compting-houſe)* there they are at it—there's my mill going, eh? look—there it goes.

Adel.

Adel. You are a happy man, Mr. Von Snarl.

V. Sn. Happy! to be ſure I am. Why ſhould not we all be happy? Come, now to buſineſs.

Adel. (*ſits down.*) Well then, I have, Sir, already a debt to you; I come to aſk your permiſſion to encreaſe it.

V. Sn. Eh!

Adel. It is with the utmoſt reluctance I venture on this freedom;—but you would greatly oblige me by honouring my draft for twenty pounds.

V. Sn. (*ſtaring at him*) What!

Adel. If from riches you derive happineſs, you have aſſuredly learn'd their real value, that of imparting happineſs to others; and I am confident you will not turn your back on one, who entruſts you with his diſtreſs.

V. Sn. (*turns away from* ADELBERT) Thank'ye for the compliment.

Adel. My little revenue is ſecure, but my remittances are not arrived. If in the mean time—

V. Sn. Well, well, I hope they'll arrive ſoon.

Adel. Were I not ſatisfied on that head, I would not—

V. Sn. Shall I pour you out a diſh of tea?

Adel. You will indulge me then?

V. Sn. You have ſeen the papers I ſuppoſe—no news—

Adel. (*piqued*) Mr. Von Snarl, you are a rich man, and accuſtomed to ſpeculations.

V. Sn. Speculations! well, what of that?

Adel. Did you ever ſpeculate on the face of an honeſt man?

V. Sn. Did I ever ſee one? (*ſarcaſtically*)

Adel. It is true I can give little ſecurity. This miniature,

miniature, *(drawing a miniature from his boſom)* is the only one I am able to offer. It is ſet with a few brilliants, of no great value, and I am ſorry to part with it. But if you would accept it as a pledge—

V. Sn. A pledge!—why, the devil! d'ye take me for a pawnbroker?

Adel. I beg pardon.

V. Sn. What I give, I give without pledge, bond, or note.

Adel. Even to a ſtranger?

V. Sn. Stranger or no ſtranger, we are bound to aſſiſt diſtreſs without intereſt.

Adel. Generous!

V. Sn. D'ye obſerve?—when we can—but my purſe won't bear a loan at preſent.

Adel. Only twenty pounds.

V. Sn. Twenty pounds! twenty devils. I had yeſterday two bankruptcies in my books—one of my ſhips from Africa loſt, with a cargo of 400 blacks on board—beſides the parſon's widow, Mrs. Roſe, and her daughter, whom I maintain, as you know, in the houſe. I won't ſay what they coſt me, becauſe that's charity—but I know I have a tender heart and a ſweet temper, that would be my ruin, if I did not watch my purſe at both ends. But come—if I cann't lend you my money, I'll give you my advice. Go to Levi, the great Jew, and he'll lend you on the picture nearly its full value.

Adel. To a Jew!

V. Sn. A Jew! well, what of that? I would as ſoon do buſineſs with a Jew as a Chriſtian. He'll deal with you as a man and a friend.

Adel. And not as *you* have done. I beg pardon for the trouble of this viſit. *(going)*

V. Sn.

V. Sn. Hark'ye, Mr. Adelbert, (ADELBERT *returns*) I expect to ſee my ſon-in-law every hour, and I ſhall want a room for him. I don't mean to be uncivil to you, becauſe you have not got twenty pounds.

Adel. I underſtand you---I ſhall provide myſelf with another lodging.

V. Sn. Well, well, as you like for that; I don't mean to turn you out of the houſe. You'll dine with me before you go away to-day?

Adel. Dine with you! you do me too much honour. *(contemptuouſly)*

V. Sn. Nay, I inſiſt on it. You *muſt* take leave of the girls this afternoon.

Adel. That's true. I owe the young ladies every attention. I ſhall wait on you.

[*Exit* ADELBERT.

V. Sn. Now that's what I call plaguy dry. Owes the young ladies!---He doeſn't owe the young ladies half ſo much as he owes me. And then he'd borrow!---an inſolent raſcal!---borrow! Talk to me as he would to a pawn-broker!---If I hadn't the ſweeteſt temper in the world---Nicolas!

Enter NICOLAS.

Aſk Totum, if there are letters by the mail to-day, and tell Mrs. Homily to come hither.

Nic. Mrs. Roſe, Sir?

V. Sn. Mrs. Roſe, ſirrah! yes, Mrs. Roſe.

Nic. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* NICOLAS.

V. Sn. May not I call her Mrs. Homily if I chooſe it? Plague on it, I muſt not have my jokes now in my own houſe.

NICOLAS

Enter NICOLAS.

Nic. Mr. Totum ſays he will bring you the letters himſelf, Sir.

V. Sn. In how many hours, minutes, and ſeconds, has he calculated he ſhall come?

Nic. He ſaid he wou'd come preſently, Sir—Mrs. Roſe is here, Sir. [*Exit* NICOLAS.

Enter Mrs. ROSE.

V. Sn. Well, Mrs. Homily, whither in ſuch a hurry?

Mrs. R. Oh, lud, Sir! here is every thing wanted at the ſame inſtant. In the compting-houſe they want their coffee—The cook wants rice and currants—the footman wants his breakfaſt, and Miſs Joſephine wants honey-water for her hair.

V. Sn. Well, and I want to ſpeak to you. I expect company to dinner.

Mrs. R. Company! No, I hope not.

V. Sn. I have two Burgomaſters to dine with me, and—

Mrs. R. Oh, Gemini! I muſt go tothe larder directly. The kitchen is not prepared for two Burgomaſters.

V. Sn. (petriſhly) What's the kitchen to me, provided there be plenty on the table? Next, I ſuppoſe I muſt not have Burgomaſters to dine with me?

Mrs. R. Pretty talking! It would be a fine thing, indeed, if one could blow good things on the table, forſooth, as they do in the Rambling Night's Entertainments. That's all ſinful witchcraft, and I am ſure you cannot expect a clergy-

man's

man's widow, as I am, to meddle with any ſuch devilliſh proſpects.

V. Sn. No; but I expect my houſekeeper to provide me a good dinner.

Mrs. R. Well, well—I'll go to the larder, and ſee what there is for you. Yonder's Mr. Totum with your letters. By the time you have read them, I ſhall know more about it.

[*Exit Mrs.* ROSE.

TOTUM, *without.*

Three bales of goods to Von Cormack & Co.—right.

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Von Snarl—Item, numero four—cargo of Spaniſh wares—right—poſt Don Candimorez—right—place four hundred marks to account of Louis Vancaper & Co.—right—call in—

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Von Snarl—call in bills on Carpo & Co. No time to note.

Enter TOTUM.

Mr. Von Snarl, your very obedient ſervant.

V. Sn. Well, Totum, is the mail arrived?

Tot. Received letters—read—ſpeak contents, names, ſignatures—ſay if right—no time to note—*(gives a parcel of letters to* VON SNARL) Imprimis—a letter bearing royal ſignet—parcel annexed—*(goes to the door of the compting-houſe.)* Clever door! convenient—hear clerks with left ear—letters with right—credit time *(places himſelf*

ſelf in the mid-way of the door, ſometimes watching the clerks within, and ſometimes attending to VON SNARL.)

V. Sn. (opening the parcel) How long has the mail been arrived?

Tot. (looking haſtily at a clock, which is ſeen within) Thirteen minutes, nine ſeconds, and a fraction.

V. Sn. Eh! the deuce! a letter from our Prime Miniſter! *(reads)* "greeting—whereas it appears from the report of our Secretary for the Naval Department, that you have procured an expeditious delivery of the articles required of you: We, therefore, to teſtify our good will towards you, ſend you the incloſed ſnuff-box. Your affectionate friend, Richtenſtein."

Tot. (advances) Congratulate—this is a day—this is an hour—day fourteen—month April—hour ten in forenoon—fifty-three minutes, ſeven ſeconds and a fraction. Ha! *(looks at the box which* VON SNARL *holds in his hand)* brilliants—I underwrite.

V. Sn. Doubtleſs—

Tot. Worth, more or leſs, twelve hundred and ninety-nine dollars, three guldens, eighteen ſtivers, one groot, and three pfennings.

V. Sn. I'll value it at two thouſand dollars.

Tot. Right—ſecondly, a letter from correſpondent at Amſterdam *(gives a ſecond letter, and goes again to his poſt at the door of the compting-houſe.)*

V. Sn. Vander Houſen! *(opens the letter and reads)* "Sir, this is to inform you, that, under date of ſeventeenth ultimo, we have ſent to your direction a ſon, viz. Hans William—hope you will ſafely receive the ſame, and beg you will conſign him forthwith to your daughter."

Tot.

Tot. Not arrived as per advice—hope they book'd him.

V. Sn. (*reads*) "Tho' young folks are of late much fallen in value, we can aſſure you, ſaid Hans William is of extra good quality, and will, we dare ſay, give ſatisfaction. Remain, errors excepted, Sir, your moſt faithful ſervant and friend to command, Vander Houſen & Co."

Tot. Congratulate—ha, ha! you'll have a wedding—you muſt give a ball—

V. Sn. I will give a dinner.

Tot. A fire-work in your garden.

V. Sn. With all my heart.

Tot. Your own figure all in a blaze.

V. Sn. Eh!

Tot. Like a flying mercury (*imitates the attitude of a mercury*) with a ſnuff-box in your hand.

V. Sn. Zounds! d'ye conſider what all this will coſt?

Tot. Total, ſeventeen dollars, eight guldens, nine ſtivers, three pfennings and a fraction—ha! Oh, it will cut a daſh! we'll go halves.

V. Sn. Halves! Totum! Why, Totum, you're out of your ſenſes, Totum.

Tot. One expence to ſerve for two weddings.

V. Sn. Two weddings! who is the other bridegroom? (TOTUM *draws himſelf up conceitedly.*) What! yourſelf?

Tot. Received this morning—hour nine in the forenoon, forty-three minutes, ſeventeen ſeconds, a letter—note the contents—poor dear father deceaſed.

V. Sn. Your father dead!

Tot.

Tot. Died twenty-fifth inſtant, four in the morning, fifty-nine minutes, and three ſeconds, aged ſeventy-eight years, four months, two weeks, five days, fourteen hours, and a quarter—left to Tilman Totum, ſole heir, eighty thouſand marks.

V. Sn. Totum, take a chair.

Tot. Excluſive, in the hands of Van Creeper & Co. one thouſand bales of Panama dowlas—

V. Sn. Dear Totum, pray ſit down.

Tot. Six cheſts of ſilver plate (*takes a chair*)—twenty-four cargoes of Nankin muſlins—

V. Sn. Let me wipe the cuſhion.

Tot. And one hundred and eight jars of fine Smyrna oils—

V. Sn. Mr. Totum, I inſiſt on you being ſeated.

Tot. Beſides a box of uncounted livres, ſtivers, groots, pfennings, guilders, ſchellings, florins, dollars, ducats, doublons, milreas, ſequins, and duros, all brand new, never been yet in circulation.

V. Sn. Deareſt Mr. Totum, do me the favour to ſit down. (*They both ſit.*)

Tot. Father deceaſed—enter on trade—engage capital—enſure on my own riſk—build warehouſe—ſettle correſpondence—marry.

V. Sn. And who's the bride?

Tot. Louiſa Roſe—a good girl.

V. Sn. Good! why, you're mad—ſhe has not a farthing.

Tot. A pretty face—

V. Sn. What intereſt will that bring?

Tot. A pair of white hands—

V. Sn. Which can earn nothing.

Tot. Hm! a pretty little foot—

V. Sn. Poh, poh—why, Totum, you're bewitch'd.

Tot.

Tot. Totum, you're bewitch'd—right. The devil draws on my heart—muſt accept—fleſh weak—temptation ſtrong—pretty girl, an enchanting angel—ſolitary batchelor, a poor devil—ſo, if you have no objection—

V. Sn. None in the world, dear Totum. (*aſide*) I ſhall get rid of a boarder, whom I took into my houſe to pleaſe my daughter. But have you ſpoke to the girl?

Tot. Occaſionally—time ſuiting.

V. Sn. How does ſhe ſeem to like you?

Tot. Little rogue! loves me—ſecretly.

V. Sn. Secretly!

Tot. Prove it—pro primo—whenever ſhe ſees me, laughs—ſhews ſhe's pleaſed: Pro ſecundo, when ſhe hears me coming, runs away—ſhews ſhe is baſhful: Pro tertio, when I ſpeak to her, anſwers at random—ſhews her mind is ſo engaged, ſhe does not know what ſhe ſays: Pro quarto, always jokes about my wig.

V. Sn. That ſhews plainly ſhe is in love.

Tot. Only one little article makes me uneaſy. That Polander up ſtairs—I perceive certain looks—here, there—from, to—ſeem to mean ſomething.

V. Sn. I can make you eaſy on that head, for he ſhall not ſtay in my houſe. Between you and me, Mr. Totum, I ſuſpect the Pole to be a ſpy.

Tot. Hm! why not?

V. Sn. I ſee he is very poor—and who can tell? It would not be amiſs if you could take an opportunity, when he is gone out, of juſt—eh? in his room, eh?

Tot. Examine his papers, boxes, and ſo forth—I underſtand you—Juſt what I wiſh'd—Shall find if there is any thing going on between him

him and Louiſa—I'll be on the watch.—At what hour do we dine to-day? Anſwer—three o'clock—Burgomaſters never wait—Your humble ſervant to command, Tilman Totum—ſole heir to eighty thouſand marks, ſix cheſts of ſilver plate, one hundred and eight jars of Smyrna oil, &c. &c. &c

[*Exit* TOTUM.

V. Sn. This will be a rare riddance for me—Where is that giddy baggage my daughter all this while? Oh, here ſhe comes with Louiſa. Come hither, Joſephine.

Enter JOSEPHINE *and* LOUISA.

I have ſomething to tell you—can you gueſs what it is?

Joſ. No, but I am dying with curioſity to know it.

V. Sn. Ah, you're a woman.

Joſ. Yes, unfortunately.

V. Sn. And you, (*to* LOUISA) I ſuppoſe, are dying too—you are a woman, too, eh, Louiſa?

Lou. Yes, Sir.

V. Sn. Well, there's a grand dinner to-day, and the grand dinner has its grand reaſons.

Joſ. Muſt we put on our beſt gowns?

V. Sn. If you like.

Joſ. That is according as the reaſons are worth them.

V. Sn. Suppoſe it's a bridegroom—

Joſ. (*laughs*) Oh, la! have you *ordered* one for me, papa?

V. Sn. Suppoſe I have—

Joſ. What! from China?

V. Sn. Pſha! he comes from one of the firſt houſes in Amſterdam.

Joſ.

Joſ. (*with affected gravity*) Does he coſt much?

V. Sn. Your hand?

Joſ. That's very dear.

V. Sn. And your heart into the bargain.

Joſ. That's too much.

V. Sn. It's little enough for a good huſband, ſo don't plague me with any more queſtions.

Joſ. Yes, there's one more I muſt aſk. What is his name?

V. Sn. Hans William.

Joſ. Oh—then I won't have him.

V. Sn. Why ſo?

Joſ. I have no objection to William,—but Hans—poſitively Hans muſt not come near me.

V. Sn. There, there! that's the way—no matter how deſerving a man be—if his name do not happen to ſtrike your fancy, he is to be laugh'd at. Take pattern by Louiſa—ſhe is a good girl, and knows how to behave herſelf.

Loui. Joſephine is only joking, Sir.

V. Sn. Joking! zounds! every body is to make jokes but myſelf. I have found a huſband too for Louiſa.

Joſ. From Holland too?

V. Sn. No—home manufacture.

Joſ. And his name not Hans?

V. Sn. Hold your tongue, and think of making up your wedding ſuit.

Joſ. Oh—there will be time enough for that.

V. Sn. Suppoſe your bridegroom ſhould come to day?

Joſ. Suppoſe ſome accidents ſhould happen to-morrow?

V. Sn. What accidents, pray?

Joſ. Suppoſe he ſhould not like me, and ſuppoſe

poſe we ſhould quarrel, and ſuppoſe I ſhould ſcratch his eyes out before the wedding?

V. Sn. Why, then you'll have the comfort of marrying a blind man; for, to tell you plainly, the affair is concluded, and if you don't take him, and like him too when he is come, never expect to have a farthing of my money; and another time you may provide for yourſelf. (*angrily.*) If I had not the ſweeteſt temper in the world, theſe ſilly girls would contrive to put me in a paſſion. [*Exit* VON SNARL.

Joſ. But, Louiſa, we forgot to inquire the name of your huſband.

Loui. Oh, Dear! that was not ſaid in earneſt.

Joſ. It will prove as much in earneſt, I fancy, as mine. Do you think I'll let my father ſend me to Holland, like a ton of flax?

Loui. Ah, Joſephine! you are very happy;—for *you have a father*—

Joſ. Will you change fathers with me?

Loui. No—not for all the world. My father, to be ſure, won't ſee me; and I always thought that very ſtrange: But, in every thing elſe, he is ſo good to me, and ſo kind!—

Joſ. But not very wiſe, I think. He refuſes to ſee you, and does not know that he ſees you every hour. Under the name of Mrs. Roſe's daughter you have won his affection, in ſpite of his prejudice and abſurdities.

Loui. If I was but ſure of that, Joſephine!

Joſ. I am ſure of it—and, what is better, he loves you for your own ſake: the parent's vanity has no hand in it.

Loui. Why ſhould he ſhun me ſo, Joſephine? An't I his child? And, indeed, indeed, I never did

did any thing willingly to offend him. Why ſhould he drive me from his ſight, as ſoon as I was born? I grew up far away from him, and he forbids me now to come to him, that I may take his hand, and preſs it to my lips.

Joſ. To be ſure it is droll enough. Father and daughter live in the ſame houſe, converſe together, correſpond together, and yet are ſtrangers, except by letters, which are ſometimes a week in travelling from one to the other.

Loui. Yeſterday he got my laſt letter. When I ſat down to it, Joſephine, my heart was quite full:—and I beg'd ſo hard to ſee him; and the words were, all, ſo blotted, he muſt have ſeen that I cried all the while I was writing it. I fancied in the evening he looked more thoughtful than ever. Perhaps he may be brought to give his conſent to ſee me at laſt. Don't you think he may, Joſephine?

Joſ. If I were to tell you that I ſaw him wipe a tear away with his hand—

Loui. Did you, indeed? I wiſh I had ſeen it! But it would not have ſignified. Ah, Joſephine! 'tis very hard when a child is not allowed to kiſs off a tear from the cheek of her father.

[*Enter* Mrs. Rose, *with a letter.*

Mrs. R. Well, child, here is a letter for you again—(Louisa *ſnatches the letter haſtily from her, and preſſes it to her lips.*)

Joſ. Would not one think it was from her ſweetheart? Well, I'll leave you to your tranſports;—when they are over, I ſhall expect you; and in the mean time I'll ſettle the colour of our wedding ſuits. [*Exit* Josephine.

Loui. (*reads*) "My dear and only daughter (*ſhe kiſſes the letter again*) your laſt letter has drawn tears from my eyes. Your wiſh to ſee me is mine alſo." Oh! then I ſhall be ſo happy! "Yet, as you value my life, do not inſiſt on your requeſt, I have withheld myſelf eighteen years from your ſight—I dare not yet meet it—never again enquire the reaſon. (*weeps—then after a pauſe reads.*) You muſt have occaſion for money—yet you aſk for none—I therefore incloſe you a note—you muſt want for nothing—all I have is yours—I received it all from your mother—Reſemble her! Adieu, my dear dear child! Love your father, who has no other joy in this world than you!"—Then he never will ſee me! what have I done to deſerve this! (*weeps*)

Mrs. R. Dear child, truſt to Providence! We muſt none of us deſpair—things may change for the better in a moment. Oh! if you had heard my huſband's diſcourſe about poverty and want! Poor dear Dr. Olearius!

Loui. Poverty! Oh, that's a word the heart knows nothing about.

Mrs. R. Becauſe the heart knows nothing about hunger and thirſt. Want is a very bad companion; and you may thank your father for never letting you know it. See how much the note is for, that he has ſent you.

Loui. It's for much more than I want.

Mrs. R. Well, well, if you don't want it to-day, you may to-morrow—but I warrant you'll give it away before to-morrow, to ſome poor perſon or other: (LOUISA *appears ſuddenly thoughtful.*) Well—what will you do with it?

Loui.

Loui. Oh, I muſt not tell you. What I intend to do would be of no value, if it were told.—(*Looks at the note*) three hundred crowns! I wiſh they were three thouſand, with all my heart.

Mrs. R. Oh, you extravagant child! three hundred crowns! you won't ſurely give that ſum away!

Loui. No—I'll lay it out at intereſt—I'll be an uſurer.

Mrs. R. An uſurer, forſooth! Ah! child, child! you learn to cypher and caſt accounts, to be ſure; but how many pence there are in a dollar, you'll never learn to reckon as long as you live. [*Exit* Mrs. Rose.

Loui. That, now, may be very true:—and, ſomehow or other, I always thought charity much eaſier than arithmetick. I know Mr. Von Snarl takes a deal of pleaſure in counting up his dollars; but, for my part, I think there is more pleaſure, by half, in giving money to the diſtreſs'd, and letting them count it for me. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in VON SNARL's *Houſe.*

Enter VON SNARL *and* LEOPOLD.

V. Sn. NAY, brother, it's very ſtrange you won't let me tell you the news.

Leop. I have no reliſh for news—Few old things of the world are worth much, and the new ones are worth leſs.

V. Sn. There, now you are out of temper—It's a ſtrange thing a man cannot be always eaſy and happy as I am. I *will* tell you for all that; Louiſa Roſe is going to be married.

Leop. Louiſa!—to whom?

V. Sn. Gueſs.

Leop. I cannot rack my brain with conjecture.

V. Sn. To my book-keeper, Tilman Totum.

Leop. (*appears ſurprized*) I am ſorry for it.

V. Sn. His father has juſt left him eighty thouſand marks.

Leop. I am heartily ſorry for it.

V. Sn. Why, that's droll. I think it's a deviliſh neat thing—He means to ſet up in trade for himſelf, and he thinks Louiſa will make him a very ſuitable wife.

Leop. Fie, fie!

V. Sn. Brother Leopold, you are a queer fellow:—why ſhould ſhe not?

Leop.

Leop. A girl like an angel, and a fellow like a monkey.

V. Sn. Yes—but the angel is as poor as the devil, and the monkey is as rich as a Jew.

Leop. She may ſtarve with Totum, in ſpite of his riches.

V. Sn. (*with a ſneer*) Nay, how can that happen?

Leop. If the fool does not know that money is not wealth.

V. Sn. Money not wealth?—What nonſenſe you talk!—Pray what is wealth then?

Leop. The free and liberal uſe we make of it. Wealth, brother, is like a ſword, placed in various hands. Fools are laughed at for their ignorance in uſing it; knaves, who graſp it, hurt their neighbours with it; wiſe and benevolent men, alone, know how to guard themſelves with it, while they protect the weak, who want their aſſiſtance.

V. Sn. Well, if Louiſa ſtarves, it ſhall not be my fault.—I'll ſet her off well at leaſt—I'll give her a grand wedding dinner.

Leop. I hope you mean to give her a portion likewiſe.

V. Sn. A portion! d'ye think I am gone out of my ſenſes?

Leop. With all your money!

V. Sn. That *all* would have been little enough by this time, if I were as romantic as you are, brother—If you are ſo fond of the girl, why don't you give her a portion out of your own fortune?

Leop. It belongs to my daughter.

V. Sn. Ah—if you had taken as good care of your patrimony, and attended to the golden rule of multiplication, as I have done.—

Leop.

Leop. I have attended but to one golden rule through life, brother.

V. Sn. What may that be?

Leop. Humanity.

V. Sn. Lucky, if you had mix'd a little prudence with it; then you wou'd have been always eaſy and happy, as I am; that is, if you were as ſweet temper'd as I am.—But you—had not you happen'd to meet with a wife—

Leop. (*interrupting him*) Let me beſeech you, brother, no mention of that ſubject!

V. Sn. I was only going to ſay that her fortune help'd you up.

Leop. Oh, Emilia!

V. Sn. Aye, aye, ſhe was a woman of the right ſort—She had plenty of jewels and caſh. I wiſh ſhe was alive again.

Leop. For heaven's ſake, brother!

V. Sn. I am only ſaying that if your wife was ſtill alive—

Leop. Nay, then, you compel me to leave you. (*exit haſtily*)

V. Sn. There he goes again. Was ever any man ſo uncivilly treated in his own houſe as I am! a ſilly fellow, making ſuch a perpetual whimpering for the loſs of one wife!—I have buried three, one after the other, without breaking my heart. That's the difference between Leopold and me—he carries his remembrance of his wife about in his mind, and I carry mine in my pockets. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment.*

Enter TOTUM *and Mrs.* ROSE.

Mrs. R. Let me go, Mr. Totum—I have no time for talking—My maſter has two Burgomaſters

ters to dine with him—and, thank heaven! there' plenty for them!—A ſirloin of beef, roaſt fillet of veal, ſcollop'd oyſters, collar'd eel, anchovies, and a furmenty pudding.

Tot. No time for talking! forty-ſeven words, four articles, and five ſtops. Liſten! do you know, Mrs. Roſe,—ſweet Mrs. Roſe,—that to day is a day—a day—a—I cannot tell you what a day it is——

Mrs. R. Well, and if it be a day, I warrant I can provide for it—

Tot. Brief reply—credit words.

Mrs. R. I always add a diſh for every freſh gueſt, and for every bit of good news.

Tot. Good news—right. Attend, note contents—Imprimis, Mr. Von Snarl has received a ſnuff-box from the Miniſter—

Mrs. R. What—the Miniſter of the Pariſh?—

Tot. Poh! pſha! No, no, Prime Miniſter—Head-Clerk to the King.

Mrs. R. From his Majeſty's Miniſter! Oh! then I muſt provide a diſh of *Plaice.*

Tot. In ſecundo, Miſs Joſephine's bridegroom is on the road.

Mrs. R. The bridegroom! I muſt have pigeons and a cake.

Tot. And, thirdly—Mrs. Roſe—ſweet Mrs. Roſe—you may take into account a ſecond wedding.

Mrs. R. A ſecond wedding?—

Tot. Yes, note a ditto.

Mrs. R. Oh, then I muſt order a gooſe for the ſecond courſe—mercy on me!—there will be hardly time.

Tot. Dine at three—time in hand five hours twenty-ſeven minutes—no fear of deficit.—Enter items—provide plaice, pluck pigeons, gut gooſe,

one

one hour, fifteen minutes---dreſs, ſtew, and roaſt ditto, two hours, one half quarter, and three ſeconds.---Balance, two hours, four minutes, twenty-ſeven ſeconds, and a fraction---poſt credit ſide---therefore liſten, Mrs. Roſe---ſweet Mrs. Roſe, liſten.

Mrs. R. I tell you, Mr. Totum, ſince there is to be a ſecond wedding---

Tot. The ſecond wedding, Mrs. Roſe, depends on you.

Mrs. R. The ſecond courſe does, Mr. Totum; ſo I'll give another look into the larder---(*going*)

Tot. Liſten, Mrs. Roſe---ſweet Mrs. Roſe, liſten---I have placed a large ſum in your hands---

Mrs. R. In mine!---

Tot. The ſum of my happineſs---I muſt diſcloſe to you the ſtate of my books---my father being deceaſed---

Mrs. R. Poor man!

Tot. Died fourteenth of laſt month, at fifty-nine minutes, three ſeconds, after four in the morning---aged ſeventy-eight years, four months, two weeks, three days, fourteen hours, twelve minutes and a quarter, ha!---

Mrs. R. Bating the odd hours, minutes, and quarter, juſt the very age of my late huſband, poor dear Dr. Olearius.

Tot. Left Tilman Totum, ſole heir, eighty thouſand marks.

Mrs. R. Indeed! I am truly happy to hear it---Now I've juſt thought that we have got in the larder---

Tot. Pſha! cloſe the larder, open your ears and liſten---I ſay, Mrs. Roſe---ſweet Mrs. Roſe, liſten.---Having now ſtock in trade, I mean to open an account of matrimony.

Mrs. R. (*bridling and ſmiling*) Matrimony?

Tot. Yes---open a new firm, raiſe a new head.

Mrs.

Mrs. R. Was that the ſubject you wanted to ſpeak on? Oh, Mr. Totum, you do me too much honour.

Tot. I do you no honour at all; I only want you to liſten, Mrs. Roſe; ſweet Mrs. Roſe, liſten! I fear, above all things, to caſt up wrong; that, you know, to a man in buſineſs—ſay no more—hate a blot—therefore, without your conſent, reckon *nought*.

Mrs. R. Dear Mr. Totum—to be ſure—but you know the world is rather ill-natured: there are ſome circumſtances, that ſhould be taken into conſideration.

Tot. Allow deductions—ſtate fairly, what heads?

Mrs. R. Firſt—

Tot. Imprimis—

Mrs. R. Difference of age.

Tot. Repairs payable by the owner; according to beſt of knowledge and belief, difference not great.

Mrs. R. True, when one has met with hardſhips, one looks older than one really is. But, dear Mr. Totum, marriage is a ſerious ſtep; when I loſt poor dear Dr. Olearius—Heaven grant him reſt!—I made a vow never to marry again.

Tot. Well, well, I don't care for your vow—that is an account balanced—credit by loſs—but, ſweet Mrs. Roſe, my new head is yet a blank—ſuffer me—

Mrs. R. Ah! dear Mr. Totum, we are poor people, who have many wants to be ſupplied.

Tot. You allow the demand then?—Note conſent?

Mrs. R. (*with affected ſatisfaction*) Dareſt Mr. Totum, you may command me.

Tot. (*adjuſting himſelf*) Your daughter, I conclude——

Mrs. R. My daughter!

Tot. Yes, Mrs. Totum, that will be——Happy, happy pair!

None but the rich deſerve the fair.

Mrs. R. Miſtreſs Totum! Oh! you want to marry my daughter Louiſa, do you?

Tot. Whom elſe, the dickens! d'ye think I want to marry?

Mrs. R. Oh, oh! Aye, aye! Well, that is nothing to me—you muſt ſpeak to Louiſa herſelf about that.

Tot. Expreſs. But, if I may debit my head with the daughter, and credit by the mother's conſent, that will be a pretty clear account.

Mrs. R. A mother! Oh! to be ſure—well, I have a deal to ſay on that ſubject; but I am in haſte now——Well, Mr. Totum, ſpeak to Louiſa yourſelf; you have my conſent, if you can gain Louiſa's, (*aſide*) which I am ſure you never will.

Tot. Enough! You endorſe the bill—ſhe will anſwer it—therefore I remain, errors excepted, your obedient, faithful ſervant, ſhortly ſon-in-law, Tilman Totum, ſole heir to eighty thouſand marks, ſix cheſts of ſilver plate, one box of uncounted livres, ſtivers, &c. &c. [*Exit* TOTUM.

Mrs. R. Dear heart! What will Mr. Leopold ſay to this? Well, well, as Heaven pleaſes: Mr. Totum is a pretty man, and a good man; he never fails at a ſermon, and it is quite edifying to hear him chant. [*Exit Mrs.* ROSE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment in VON SNARL'S *House.*

LOUISA *ſitting at her Work,* ELLEN *with a Guitar in her Hand, which ſhe appears to be laying down, as taking leave of* LOUISA.

Loui. Thank ye, Ellen; but did not you tell me, that Mr. Leopold heard you ſinging one day?

Ellen. Yes, I did ſo.

Loui. And deſired you to ſing the ſong again?

Ellen. Yes; twice.

Loui. Then pray let me hear *that* ſong before you go. I am ſure I ſhall like it, if he did.

Ellen. 'Tis one of our village-ballads.

AIR *.

Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Eſq.

'Twas in the ſolemn mid-night hour,
When all was dark around;
When planets ſtrike, and ſpells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground;
I heard a voice as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
"Adieu," it cried, "I meet my doom,
My life's laſt ſand is run.

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave;
"I ſink," he cried, "amid the ſtorm,
I ſleep beneath the wave:"
Starting I riſe, and ſnatch my gown,
And haſten to the ſhore;
I ſee the gallant ſhip go down,—
But ſee my love no more.

[*Exit* ELLEN.

(*After the Air,* LOUISA *remains penſive.*)

Enter

* The Muſic of this Air, ſo deſervedly admired, was compoſed by Mrs. BLAND.

Enter JOSEPHINE *and* ADELBERT.

Joſ. Pray walk in, Mr. Adelbert; there is no one here who will not be glad to ſee you—is there, Louiſa?

(LOUISA *appears embarraſſed, and riſes from her chair*)

Adel. (*to* JOSEPHINE) Your friend's generous heart is ever ready to welcome the unfortunate.

Joſ. Make a curtſy, Louiſa.—Mr. Adelbert is come to dine with us.

Adel. By your father's invitation.

Joſ. That was very well done. You ſhall ſit by one of us. Now, the queſtion is, whether you mean to eat much or little, or to talk much or little?

Adel. Why ſo?

Joſ. I'll tell you. If you have a mind to eat very little, and not to ſpeak at all, you ſhall ſit by Louiſa.

Adel. I proteſt, I am at a loſs to underſtand you.

Loui. Dear! She doeſn't know what ſhe means herſelf.

Joſ. But indeed *ſhe does* know what ſhe means. Have not I ſeen him ſit by you for hours together, without opening his lips?

Loui. Nay, now I'm ſure you are miſtaken; Mr. Adelbert has always entertained me exceedingly.

Joſ. Oh! I never doubted that.

Enter TOTUM, *more ſprucely dreſſed than before, and* Mrs. ROSE.

(JOSEPHINE, LOUISA, *and* ADELBERT, *converſe in dumb ſhew;* TOTUM *appears to be whiſpering to* Mrs. ROSE)

Tot. (*in a low voice*) Have you dropt a word for me?

Mrs.

Mrs. R. Speak to the girl yourself, I tell you, Mr. Totum.

Tot. There's that curſed tall Pole! When he is gone—

Mrs. R. He dines here.

Tot. Dines! choke him.

Mrs. R. Heaven forbid!

Joſ. (*advances to* TOTUM) Mr. Totum! I proteſt you have put on a new wig to day.

Tot. Yes—I've raiſed a new head. D'ye like it?—Put it on in haſte—ſpirits in great fluctuation—high, low—up, down—from fifty to ſeventy.

Louiſ. Ha, ha!—Why really—

Tot. Don't laugh; a laugh ſinks me. This day, Miſs Joſephine, is the moſt awful day of my life—I am going to file off bachelor's account, and begin a new head in the ledger of matrimony.

Joſ. Then you are going to be married?

Tot. Going to be married—right.—Oh, my Louiſa, if I may ſpeak the wiſhes of my heart!—

Joſ. What, have you got a heart?

Tot. Only by debit—wants credit by ditto—I come to aſk Miſs Louiſa, whether ſhe will run the riſk of partnerſhip with me in a new branch of trade?

Joſ. Why, Louiſa, knows nothing of book-keeping.

Joſ. I beg you'll not interrupt me, Miſs, while I am ſumming up my articles. Speak, Miſs Louiſa, without loſs of time, may I flatter myſelf—

Louiſ. With what, Mr. Totum?

Tot. Tranſfer—heart and hand—hand and heart—pleaſe to accept a barter.

Joſ. Why, I really begin to think you want to marry Louiſa.

Adel.

Adel. (*aside*) Heavens!

(JOSEPHINE *and* LOUISA *laugh*)

Tot. What means this pretty ſmile on my Louiſa's cheek?

Joſ. Pure joy.

Tot. Pure joy!—right. A laugh—brief—credit words. (*to* LOUISA) Note conſent?

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, you are very good; but I am not my own miſtreſs, you know.

Tot. Oh! I have got your mother's conſent poſted already.

Loui. Yes—but my mother knows, that—

Joſ. (*malicioufly to* ADELBERT) She is already promiſed. (ADELBERT *appears alarmed*)

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, I can never be your wife.

Tot. Never! Error in addition. Why?

Joſ. Hold, Sir! Girls muſt never be aſked *why*.

Tot. Account ſtands open. (*looking aſkance at* ADELBERT) To be ſure, I am not the youngeſt in the room, but neither am I the pooreſt—I fancy eighty thouſand marks.—Oh! here comes Mr. Leopold; he will ſum up better for me—

Enter LEOPOLD.

Your ſervant, Sir; pleaſe to check account between theſe ladies and me.

Leop. What is the matter?

Tot. The matter, Sir, is that—

Joſ. Mr. Totum wiſhes to marry—

Tot. Huſh, Miſs, do not interrupt me, while I am drawing up my articles. The matter, Sir, is that, whereas—

Joſ. What, is it a bankruptcy in the Gazette?

Tot. Whereas, Sir, it has pleaſed Providence to cloſe my father's account, and to make me ſole

I clear him eighty thousand marks, I intend instantly, and without loss of time, to open account per matrimony—to take a wife.

Leop. Right.

Jos. His choice is fixed on Louisa.

Leop. Right.

Tot. But Miss Louisa—

Jos. Won't have him.

Tot. Don't interrupt my articles, Miss Josephine. Miss Louisa, Sir, draws balance by refusal—won't strike a barter—but rather chuses to strike me clear out of her books.

Leop. Very right.

Tot. Right! no, I say she is wrong; her mother's consent stands to credit—(LEOPOLD *starts, and is affected*)—Mrs. Rose here—

Mrs. R. To be sure. Fortune leads to comfort.

Leop. (*recollecting himself*) Very true.

Jos. But love, not fortune, should lead to the altar.

Leop. Very true, likewise.

Tot. So we are all in the right then?

Leop. All.

Tot. And I get no wife.

Jos. Take *me*.

Enter VON SNARL.

Von Sn. Come, come along, girls; come, gentlemen, the dinner is going in. Come, Mr. Totum, you must dine with us to-day. Totum and I are partners to-day in good fortune. Here, girls, I have not shewn you the handsome snuff-box I have received from the Minister. Look at it,

it, brother: Totum says it is worth two thousand dollars. (*Gives the snuff-box to* LEOPOLD, *who looks at it with indifference.*)

Leop. I wish you joy.

Jos. Dear Uncle, let me look at it. (LEOPOLD *gives the box to* JOSEPHINE, *by whom it is handed to others, till it comes round again to* VON SHARL, *who, during the ensuing dialogue, puts it in his pocket without attending to it.*)

V. Sn. Totum! why, how now? You look as sad as if your father was come to life again.—What's the matter with you?

Jos. Cannot you guess, Papa?

V. Sn. What, has Louisa refused him? (TOTUM *shrugs his shoulders.*) I supposed as much. Methinks a girl that has nothing but a smooth face to recommend her, and her feet under a strange table, might give herself fewer airs. If I had not the sweetest temper in the world—

Leop. You would on such an occasion remind her of her dependence on you. Fie, brother, for shame!

V. Sn. What, Louisa behaves like a fool, and I am to be ashamed! Mr. Totum, I'd have you know, brother, with eighty thousand marks in his bureau, has only to hold out his hand, and on every finger hangs a bride.

Jos. Aye, such brides, Papa, as deserve hanging.

V. Sn. Well, a good dinner will put a silly girl out of his head. Come along, children; where is my snuff-box?

Leop. I gave it to Josephine.

Jos. And I handed it round to the company.

Leni. And I.

Adel.

Adel. and Tot. And I.

V. Sn. But nobody handed it to me again. (*feels in all his pockets*)

Jof. No matter, now; Mrs. Roſe, I ſee, is grown impatient. The box will be found again, I dare ſay.

V. Sn. It *muſt* be found again.

Leop. Well, after dinner. Come, your gueſts are waiting.

Mrs. R. And the ſoup will be ſtone cold.

V. Sn. Soup be d---d! If all the ſoup in the town ſhould freeze, I won't ſtir, I tell you. I have never had my box again; here---here are my pockets; *here* is nothing, and *here* is nothing. (*turns out both his pockets*)

Tot. Here are mine, to command. (*turns his pockets out; they contain only a letter, which he opens and reads*)

"Sir, this brings advice that your father departed this life yeſterday, the twenty-fifth inſtant, at four A. M. fifty-nine minutes, three ſeconds," &c. &c.

V. Sn. (*turns to* ADELBERT) Now, Sir, it's your turn.

Adel. (*appearing diſturbed at the propoſal*) Sir!

V. Sn. I ſuppoſe, you'll conſent to what all the company muſt agree upon---only for form's ſake, you know. (*going to him*)

Adel. Stand off! You cannot be in earneſt.

V. Sn. Joke or earneſt, as you like. Gentlemen do not carry ſmuggled goods, I ſuppoſe, in their pockets.

Adel. (*nettled*) If that is meant as a joke, Sir, it is, without under-rating it, a very clumſy one; but, if you are in earneſt, I muſt inform you, that both my birth and character place me ſo far beyond

this low ſuſpicion, that I will ſooner die than conſent to give you the groſs proof you require of your abſurdity. I utterly deſpiſe the meanneſs of your conduct; and leave you, leſt, by perſiſting in it, you ſhould rouſe me to convert the contempt I feel for you, into chaſtiſement. [*Exit.*

V. Sn. The devil!—we muſt not let him go—(*following him*)

Leop. Hold! do you know what it is to charge a gentleman thus, brother?

V. Sn. What do I care for a gentleman, when he hops off with my ſnuff-box?

Loui. (*with warmth*) He has not got it—it is impoſſible—

Leop. (*obſerving* Louisa) Ha! Louiſa the defender of Adelbert!

Loui. Mr. Adelbert, I am ſure, knows nothing of it. You may ſee that plain enough in his face.

V. Sn. His face! why, zounds! you don't expect to ſee the ſnuff-box in his forehead, do you? What do *you* ſay, Totum?

Tot. Set down circumſtances—caſt up fairly—ſum total—the Pole muſt have the box——

V. Sn. Aye, that he has—but come—let us go to dinner—he is not out of the town.—Plague on him, he has ſpoilt my ſtomach for to-day, I ſhall not be able to touch a morſel for vexation—Come—oh! plague on that Pole!

Leop. We follow you, brother.

[*Exeunt* V. Snare, *Mrs.* Rose, Leopold, *and* Totum.

Joſ. Louiſa, what ſay you to this? Is Mr. Adelbert—

Loui. Guilty of a baſeneſs? Ha!—Oh, Joſephine! my heart is ready to burſt. (*crying*)

Joſ. Why you ſeem very much intereſted about Mr. Adelbert, Louiſa?

Loui.

Lou. Who, I?—dear, no!—it's only, becauſe—becauſe——

Jo. Becauſe you can't bear to ſee innocence ſuſpected.

Lou. Yes, that's what I was juſt going to ſay—that's it exactly.

Jo. Oh, nothing elſe to be ſure. (*archly*)

Lou. No, indeed, it was nothing elſe. Nothing but—Heigho!—come, Joſephine, we muſt follow the company. Come. [*Hurries off with* JOSEPHINE.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in VON SNARL'S *Houſe.*

LEOPOLD *holding* ADELBERT *by the hand, and pulling him forward into the room.*

Leop. NAY, nay—yet come in—this is a liberty I do not frequently take. I love the world too little to force myſelf upon it—but when a wrong is offered to an innocent perſon, a very hermit may find cauſe to leave his cell.

Adel. I reſpect the juſtice of your ſentiments, but I ought never to be ſeen again in this houſe.

Leop. My brother has been in the wrong—the box is found—

Adel. Probably.

Leop. The lining of his pocket was unſewed, and the box ſlip'd thro' it—

Adel. And from ſuch a trifle a man's honour is to be called in queſtion!

Leop. My brother is aſhamed of his behaviour—he will beg your pardon.

" *Adel.* I do not ſeek to witneſs the humiliation " of another.

" *Leop.*" He has been ſharply reproved by all of us—particularly by Louiſa—(*obſerving* ADELBERT *with attention.*)

Adel. (*expreſſes ſurpriſe—pauſes—*) By Louiſa!—Let all be forgotten—

Leop. The commiſſion of my viſit then is at an end. I could wiſh to prolong it on my own account.

count. Your manner has intereſted me—will you anſwer me, as a man, what I ſhall aſk you?

Adel. As a man!

Leop. Yes, for I would make my enquiry as a man, who, though he ſhut himſelf from the buſtle of the world, as I do, ſhould never look up the kindly impulſes of his heart towards a fellow creature.

Adel. I will anſwer you—

Leop. Your reſentment of my brother's propoſition was natural: but before you avow'd that reſentment, I fancied that I remark'd a certain embarraſment in your manner, which appeared to proceed from ſome other cauſe than indignation. What was that cauſe?

Adel. Falſe ſhame.

Leop. In what could that conſiſt?

Adel. I am poor—very poor—

Leop. Poverty is no diſhonour.

Adel. Certainly none to me. To Poland, to my ſtruggling country, I ſacrificed my wealth as I would have ſacrificed my life, if ſhe had required it.—My country is no more, and we are wanderers on a burthened earth, finding no refuge but in the hearts of the humane and virtuous.

Leop. But you are young, and induſtry might—

Adel. That has ever been my friend. The little talents, with which the affluence of my parents crown'd my education, have preſerved me from the extreme of indigence. The ſpirit of Poland has ſupplied the reſt. (*With warmth.*)

Leop. Your gains then are probably ſmall?

Adel. When beneath their lofty, gilded roofs the wealthy riot at their banquet, I take my ſoli-

tary

tary walk into the fields, and under heaven's canopy I make my repast. Such was my intention to-day, before your brother unexpectedly invited me to his table.

Leop. Go on.

Adel. You know what paſs'd. Had I ſubmitted to the ſearch propoſed, my ſcanty meal muſt have been diſcovered.

Leop. (*expreſſing great ſurpriſe and emotion*) Young man, we muſt be better acquainted. Yet that cannot be without more confidence on your part.

Adel. I am a ſtranger—an unknown exile—

Leop. Who yet choſe rather to bear the harſh ſuſpicion which wrong'd you, than ſubmit to that pity, which, however painful to you, would have exulted in your relief.

Adel. Perhaps I acted from prejudice—but let me confeſs my pride.—Had one contemptuous glance fallen on the humble pittance which I bore about me—had any one but ſmiled—

Leop. Had any one dared to ſmile, I—I would have reſented it.

Adel. You are warm, Sir!

Leop. My heart is ſo. Young man, ſince your reſidence at my brother's, I have marked you, and am perſwaded of your worth—and, if you will accept of a ſmall boon from me—it will come from the hand of a friend—do not reject it.

Adel. When I ſhall be unable to earn even the morſel which I conceal'd to-day, I will come to you.

Leop. Give me your hand. (*They ſhake hands.*) Another time we will—(*looks round in great agitation.*)

time.] Yonder comes Louisa—let me see you again. At another time, if the recital be not painful to you, I will request your confidence; and should it open afresh the wounds of your bosom, be persuaded that you will meet a friend, who will strive to heal them—one, practiced in sorrow—one, whose delight it would be to pour out the balm of comfort, and confer a happiness which he cannot hope himself to taste. [*Exit.*

Enter LOUISA.

Loui. I thought Mr. Leopold had not been gone, and I—oh, dear me! you seem quite flurried—I hope nothing has happened—I hope you have not done any thing, Sir, to offend my—to offend Mr. Leopold, Sir?

Adel. Far from it, I hope—he came just now to confer favours on me, which I must not accept.

Loui. And do you mean to go, then—from—from this house, Sir?—(*looks down embarrass'd*)—Indeed, I am sorry—

Adel. Do you take an interest in my fate, Louisa? Beware of that.

Loui. Beware!—and why so?

Adel. Because poverty, which in general silences the feelings, is not always master over the heart.

Loui. But the poor have hearts like other people:—and when the heart is good, why should poverty silence it?

Adel. The rich only dare to speak its language—A man like Totum dares to offer you his hand, he dares to say—I love you—

Loui.

Loui. And what ſignifies his ſaying that? I'm ſure I don't mind what he ſays.

Adel. It ſignifies ſomething, Louiſa—for the rich man is at leaſt received with politeneſs, the poor one, however worthy in other reſpects, is rejected with ſcorn.

Loui. Then they who reject a worthy man, becauſe he is poor, never deſerve a rich one, I am certain.

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. Mr. Adelbert, I—I am come to beg your pardon—I have found—

Adel. I beg that not a word may be ſpoken on the ſubject.

V. Sn. Why, mayn't I ſay I found myſelf in the wrong? Surely, 'tis not for the pleaſure of ſaying it—

Adel. Mr. Leopold has explained all.

V. Sn. Oh, very well—and now I mean to make you amends.

Adel. Amends!

V. Sn. Aye, it goes againſt a man's ſtomach, to be ſure—but I muſt make you an apology—Leopold ſays I muſt—they all ſay I muſt.—It's curſed diſagreeable—but I muſt make you amends—ſo you ſee I do it with a good grace. I'm come to tell you, that I am juſt ſending out a ſhip, and you ſhall go ſupercargo.

Adel. Indeed! my gratitude robs me of words to thank you.

Loui. (*alarmed and with emotion*) Will you go, Adelbert?

Adel. To gain an honeſt livelihood! to be reſtored to honeſt induſtry! Oh! heavens!

V. Sn.

V. Sn. She will ſail for Africa next month.

Loui. Oh! what, will you go to Africa!

Adel. (*with ſurpriſe*) For Africa!

V. Sn. You ſhall not be at a farthing's expence. I am determined to do the thing handſomely. I'll freight her myſelf; you ſhall only have to purchaſe negroes. (ADEL. *ſhudders.*) What is the matter with you?

Adel. Humbled tho' I am, in poverty, and in affliction; harraſs'd by daily cares, and wounded by hourly regrets, the bread I earn ſhall never force a tear from the helpleſs, nor bring remorſe to my repaſt.

V. Sn. So now I muſt not make him amends—I'm not to have my own way in any thing. What, then, you deſpiſe my offer? go on with your romantic notions: Here's a pretty couple of you!—one does not chooſe a huſband with eighty thouſand marks, and the other won't go to ſea to make his fortune for life. I wiſh you had nothing but ſentiment and romance to eat for a fortnight, and by that time you, Miſs, would take Tilman Totum with eighty thouſand marks, and you, Sir, without a pound in your pocket, would be glad to ſail to the coaſt of Guinea—Zounds! if I had not the ſweeteſt temper in the world, I ſhould be kept in a perpetual paſſion.

[*Exit* VON SNARL.

[LOUISA *appears agitated, and* ADELBERT *obſerves her anxiouſly.*]

Adel. What agitates, you, Louiſa?

Loui. You've a kind heart, Mr. Adelbert, for every one but yourſelf—you won't go, then, to make your fortune? Oh, dear, if you had

gone—Mr. Totum would then have aſk'd me again to marry him.

Adel. And would you have accepted him?

Loui. No, never—tho' he were ten times as rich as he is.

(A pauſe for a few moments.)

Adel. Does my heart deceive me, or do I read your's aright, Louiſa?

Loui. What do you mean?

Adel. Were you ever in love, Louiſa?

Loui. Lord! that's a ſtrange queſtion—

Adel. And I have, perhaps, no right to aſk it.

Loui. Why, tho' you have lived a whole year in this houſe, we know nothing of you, to be ſure, but that you come from Poland, and *that* we ſhould hardly know neither, but from your dreſs.

Adel. Would you liſten with patience to my ſtory, if I ſhould diſcloſe it to you, and you alone?

Loui. With patience!—Ah! I wiſh you would try.

Adel. Well—during the laſt ſtruggles of our expiring ſtate, tho' private and important duties detained me at a diſtance, I embarked my whole fortune on the ſide of thoſe, who, even againſt a victorious enemy, wiſhed to defend their native country—you know the reſult—my ſituation here ſpeaks it—except a trifling ſtipend that is ſtill left to me, I have no remaining poſſeſſion but health, no hope but induſtry.—Alas! my poor country!

Loui. And can you be happy no where but in Poland, Mr. Adelbert?

Adel. I might yet be happy—I might—I ſtruggle in vain againſt myſelf—Reaſon forgets to ſpeak

ſpeak, and my heart betrays me. (*He kneels to* LOUISA.)

Loui. Oh, dear! you frighten me out of my wits—If any one ſhould come—

Adel. Hope only can raiſe me from the ground—[LOUISA *hides her face with one hand, and holds out the other to* ADELBERT, *who ſeizes it and preſſes it with rapture to his lips.*] Then I am happy——My baniſhment, my wrongs, my ſufferings, all—all are now a dream. Will you indeed ſhare my poverty? Oh! then we will make it a lot the richeſt ones ſhall envy. The dawn ſhall light me forth to induſtry, and the dews of evening ſhall warn me from my work. Love ſhall ſeaſon our ſcanty meal, and the huſband, returning from his toil, ſhall enjoy, in contentment and affection, a kindlier reſt than lights upon the downy beds of palaces.

Loui. Oh! but I am not ſo poor as you imagine—(ADELBERT *ſtarts*) I am not the orphan of a clergyman.

Adel. No!

Loui. I have a father, and a rich one, too.

Adel. Rich! then all my hopes of happineſs are cruſh'd at once.

Loui. No—don't ſay ſo: I am ſure, when he knows you, he muſt be ſo proud of you!

Adel. The *poor* Adelbert dared to lift his eyes to the poor Louiſa. The *rich* Louiſa is loſt to him—Honour is my tyrant—I obey, againſt my will—but I obey. Ah! Louiſa!

Enter JOSEPHINE.

Joſ. Bravo, children—(*both ſtart*) when lovers are caught—

Adel.

Adel. (*embarraſs'd*) Do not imagine that—

Joſ. That you are in love?—oh, no—it's impoſſible—you are a great deal too old for that.

Adel. I ſhould be ſorry if you thought that Louiſa—

Joſ. Was in love? Oh, no, certainly—ſhe is a great deal too young.

Adel. I aſſure you that—

Joſ. That ſhe hates you—Is that the caſe, Louiſa?—You ſee ſhe has not the heart to deny it—and you, Sir, can you venture to confeſs?—

Adel. Who can look at Louiſa without admiration?

Joſ. Nay, that's a very rude ſpeech when there's another woman in the room.

Adel. But to love her is a bliſsful privilege denied to me.

Joſ. And why ſo, pray?

Adel. Becauſe I am poor.

Loui. And *I* am rich.

Joſ. Oh, you are in the right. (*To* ADEL.) You are a good-natur'd ſoul, and you know what a plague it is to ſhare a fortune with the perſon whom we love beſt, and ſo would ſave Louiſa that trouble. Well, I grant you a twelvemonth for reflection; Louiſa will then be nineteen, and you may by that time reſolve to accept her with the incumbrance of her fortune. In the mean time, promiſe me you will not take any raſh ſtep, that may make Louiſa unhappy.

Adel. You ſhall diſpoſe of me. [*Bows and Exit.*

Joſ. Oh, then it's all very well. Make yourſelf eaſy, Louiſa; the man is young, and we ſhall manage him. [*Exit* LOUISA *and* JOS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall in VON SNARL's *Houſe.*

Enter NICOLAS, *laughing.*

Ifagg's, we've got a pretty viſitor to-day, ſure enough. Who d'ye pleaſe to ſpeak with, Sir? ſays I. Any body, ſays he. And who be I to ſay, Sir, that you be? Any body, ſays he, again.—— Odzooks, here he is, following me.

Enter HANS WILLIAM, *walks acroſs the ſtage, ſinging and whiſtling.*

Nic. Be pleaſed to be ſeated here awhile, Sir; and I'll go on without *any body*, to ſee if *any body* is at home. [*Exit* NICOLAS, *laughing to himſelf.*

H. Wil. So, Hans William, here you are.— My father has an odd way of thinking;—I ſhall be more inclined to follow my own.—Eh! yonder's a nice girl—I wiſh that may be Joſephine.

Enter JOSEPHINE.

——Good morning, young lady.

Joſ. It is rather afternoon than morning.

H. Wil. Not where the day breaks ſo brightly.

Joſ. Very gallant truly.—May I take the liberty to aſk—

H. Wil. Who I am?—I am a queer fellow.

Joſ. Well, but queer fellows have names.

H. Wil. Mine is Timothy Trifle, at your ſervice;—"plain Timothy with the men,—dear "Timothy with the women."

Joſ.

"*Joſ.* With all of them?

"*H. Wil.* With all who wiſh to pleaſe me."—And now, what is your name?

Joſ. My—my name is Louiſa Roſe. I am a poor clergyman's orphan, who live in this houſe. Perhaps you have buſineſs with Mr. Von Snarl?

H. Wil. No—but I have with his daughter.

Joſ. With his daughter?

H. Wil. They ſay ſhe has a great fortune; and, about ſix weeks ago, ſays my mother, one evening, to me—Dear Timothy, you are a poor fellow, and muſt make your fortune by marriage.

Joſ. Very wiſely.

H. Wil. Very motherly, you mean. There's Mr. Von Snarl, ſays ſhe, your father's old ſchool-fellow, has a moſt charming daughter—I dare ſay you muſt know her.

Joſ. Oh, to be ſure;—I know Joſephine as well as I know myſelf.

H. Wil. Is ſhe handſome?

Joſ. When ſhe conſults her looking glaſs, ſhe thinks ſo.

H. Wil. Is ſhe like you?

Joſ. She is not handſomer than I am.

H. Wil. I like that—ſhe has no need. Has ſhe good ſenſe?

Joſ. Not enough to prevent her from talking.

H. Wil. Well, I like that.—Is ſhe kind-hearted, good to the poor?

Joſ. Oh, lord! the poor get nothing in this houſe, if I do not give it them.

H. Wil. I don't like that.—Is ſhe grave or lively?

Joſ.

Jos. As wild as a young devil.

H. Wil. Aye! Then she'll just do for me.

Jos. But there's one thing, Mr. Queerfellow, with you—I like that, and I don't like that, that's against you:—Josephine's hand is promised.

H. Wil. To whom?

Jos. To a young man at Amsterdam—one Hans William.

H. Wil. Oh, I know him.—I'll rid her of that booby.

Jos. What sort of a man is he?

H. Wil. He? A stupid, pedantic fellow, with a full-bottom'd wig.

Jos. Oh, lord!

H. Wil. A shrill voice, and bandy legs.

Jos. Oh, lord! *I* don't like that.

H. Wil. *You* don't like it? How does it concern *you* then?

Jos. Oh, it's nothing at all to me, to be sure—only for my friend's sake. (*Aside*) So I had nearly betrayed myself.—Do you wish to see my father, Sir?

H. Wil. *Your* father!

Jos. My friend's father, I mean. (*Going.*)

H. Wil. Hold, hold, a moment (*looks stedfastly in her face.*) Your name is Louisa Rose. "It "may be;—there's not a rose-bed in Christen-"dom, that would refuse to own you; but" deuce take me if I believe you.—Shall I tell you your real name?

Jos. Well, what is it?

H. Wil. Josephine.

Jos. And what makes you suppose so?

H. Wil. I don't *suppose*—I am certain.—You discovered the husband in my features at first sight,

fight, and you thought it your duty to impoſe upon me inſtantly.

Jof. You are a devil. [*Runs off.*

H. Wil. Bravo, Hans William!—That's juſt the girl for you. Oh, here comes old Von Snarl, I ſuppoſe:—Egad, I'll have nothing to ſay to him, till I know whether that be Joſephine, or not.

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. Your ſervant, Sir. (H. WILL. *whiſtles*) Here's a pretty fellow!—My daughter tells me you deſire to ſpeak with me.

H. Wil. Oh, that is your daughter, is ſhe?

V. Sn. Why whoſe ſhould ſhe be?—Next I'm not to be father of my own children. She tells me your name is Trifle.

H. Wil. You recollect the name well enough, I ſuppoſe?

V. Sn. Never heard it in my life.

H. Wil. When you were at ſchool, with the old Doctor with a red noſe, and uſed to ſteal peaches in company with Tom Trifle.

V. Sn Tom Trifle!—Who is he?

H. Wil. My father, Sir, your poor ſchool-fellow.

V. Sn. Poor! Zounds, Sir, I do not know any thing of him. If you have nothing particular to ſay to me—

H. Will. I have a letter to you from my father—The deuce! I have left that plaguy letter at the the inn.

V. Sn. There you may leave it then.

H. Wil. I'll run and fetch it in a moment.

V. Sn. You may break your neck by the way, if you chuſe. I deſire you'll never ſtep your foot over my threſhold again.

H. Wil.

H. Wit. Stay, old gentleman—ſtay till I return with the letter—I'll make you remember Tom Trifle, depend on it. [*Exit* H. Wit.

V. Sn. Puppy! Theſe young fellows, now-a-days, have no more reſpect for riches than they have for manners. (*going*)

Enter LEOPOLD, *meeting him.*

Leop. Brother, lend me the maſter-key of your houſe.

V. Sn. What is it for?

Leop. I cannot tell you at preſent.

V. Sn. Then I cannot lend it you at preſent.—D'ye intend to ſet all my doors wide open to-day?—Firſt comes my daughter, "Pappa, lend me the maſter-key."—She is hardly gone, when you come, "Brother, lend me the maſter-key."—Every body wants me to lend them ſomething.

Leop. Surely you don't diſtruſt me?

V. Sn. I don't ſay that:—I know you won't rob me; but 'tis fair enough to refuſe you for all that.

Leop. On what account?

V. Sn. Who has got Engliſh patent locks to his doors, eh?

Leop. For that I have a particular reaſon.

V. Sn. Who ſits whole days locked up in his room, eh?

Leop. I wiſh to be alone.

V. Sn. Who has a myſterious cabinet, in which no mortal has dared to ſet foot for years together?

Leop. That's my fancy.

V. Sn. Well, and it's my fancy not to lend you the maſter-key.—I have my particular rea-

ſome as well as you, only I'm not ſo unbrotherly minded; but that is no wonder—you have not ſuch a remarkable ſweet temper as I have.—I.—There—there's the key; but take notice, if I miſs a ſingle bottle of wine, you ſhall be anſwerable for it. [*Exit* V. Sir.

Leop. He is in the right;—but I dare not open my heart to him; he would not underſtand it.—Could I indeed find the boſom of a friend!

Enter Louisa.

[Leopold *ſtarts, and ſtands as recovering her.*]

Loui. I hope I don't interrupt you, Sir.

Leop. Come in, Louiſa; you can never be unwelcome.

Loui. You are ſo good;—and yet I am afraid you are not happy.

Leop. I was once happy;—that's the proudeſt boaſt mortality allows.

Loui. And why can't you be happy again? I am ſure all good people, who know you, muſt wiſh to make you ſo.

Leop. Few are the hearts, Louiſa, that keenly feel for the diſtreſs of others. Thoſe few the miſerable cannot ſeek;—but, when once they find them,——Oh, Heaven!

(*lifting up his hands with great emotion.*)

Loui. I am an orphan; and it ſignifies ſo little what a poor girl, like me, feels for the diſtreſs of other people, that I am afraid to tell you how many tears you have coſt me.

Leop. Tears for me!

Loui. I am too young, to be ſure, to aſk you queſtions about yourſelf; but, if I had a right—if I were

I mean your relation, now your daughter,

Leop. Would to Heaven!

Loui. Haven't you a daughter?

Leop. I have.

Loui. Is ſhe about my age?

Leop. Yes—thereabout.

Loui. And why don't you let her live with you?

Leop. Dear girl, ſpare me! do not repeat that queſtion.

Loui. Has ſhe offended you?

Leop. Never.

Loui. Then you do not love her; that's a ſure thing.

Leop. She is my only happineſs on earth!

Loui. Then why have you baniſh'd the poor ſoul your preſence?

Leop. (*warmly*) Who ſays ſo? Thoſe with whom ſhe lives—and muſt live yet, for a ſhort time, —are excellent people.

Loui. But they are not her parents. She does not find the care of a fond mother.

Leop. Oh, Heaven!—She has no mother!

Loui. That's a great pity—when ſhe does not find a father.

Leop. Ceaſe, girl, ceaſe! (*After a pauſe.*) Pity my ſorrows!

Loui. Indeed I wiſh to ſhare them. Do let me ſpeak to you. Death has robbed you of a wife, but you have ſtill a daughter left: ſhe would be almoſt wild with joy, if ſhe could fill her mother's place in your affection. Why will you not call her to you?

Leop. She ſhall come.

Loui.

Louf. And, till ſhe comes, do look on *me* as your daughter;—let *me* dry your tears, and kiſs the hand a daughter ſhould kiſs.

(*Takes his hand and kiſſes it.*)

Leop. Louiſa, you have ſhaken my ſoul. I cannot account for the power you have over me.——Yes, I will diſcloſe to you the very ſanctuary of my grief.——Come to my apartment an hour hence.——It is ſacred to ſorrow;——ſacred, alas! have I kept it;——nor have I ſuffered the foot of a ſtranger to profane the threſhold. For one hour, adieu, Louiſa!——Remember——be punctual.

[*Exeunt* LOUISA *and* LEOPOLD *on oppoſite ſides.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Apartment in VON SNARL'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. ROSE, NICOLAS, *and another Servant.*

Nic. WHAT is the matter, Mrs. Roſe?

Mrs. R. There is a crowd about them at the inn; they fought with ſwords, as if fleſh and blood were made of wood.

Nic. Well, but who are they?

Mrs. R. Oh, I don't wiſh to know—ſomebody ſaid it was our Poliſh lodger—but heav'n forbid!—a couple of wild wretches—I'm certain they never read my huſband's ſermon on duelling—the laſt ſermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius ever preached—

Nic. Are they wounded?

Mrs. R. Oh, I dare ſay they are both killed—they fought together, one like a cannibal, the other like a *bottenpot*—

Enter TOTUM.

Tot. Fine doings! five gaſhes, three ſide-cuts, and an eye-let hole.—The Pole is a pretty fellow.

Nic. Mr. Adelbert!

Tot. The young gentleman wanted a bleeding.

Mrs. R. What, is Mr. Adelbert wounded?

Tot.

Tot. The point of the ſword made entry by his windpipe, proved a running account in his ribs, and carried over into the heart—I think he's a ſafe man.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy! let us go And enquire about him. Oh, that he had read my huſband's laſt ſermon on duels! [*Exeunt Mrs. Ross and Servants.*

Tot. Ha!—Louiſa will now be miſtreſs Totum—Ha!—no rival now—The Pole's done for, Ha!—Scratch out the Pole, Ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ADELBERT's *Apartment, with an inner room and cloſet; and a window looking into the ſtreet—A ſmall box ſtanding on the table—A trunk in the corner of the room.*

—LOUISA *opens the door, and enters timorouſly—then, treading ſoftly, goes towards the window and looks out.*

Louiſ. No, he is not coming; I am ſafe for a few minutes at leaſt—poor ſoul! he is wounded, and perhaps he cann't come home yet—he will want a great many things, which money can procure for him—ſo let me make haſte and give him all I have. (*She takes the bill of exchange from her boſom*) Now where ſhall I put this note, that he may ſee it directly? On the table—no, it won't be ſafe. (*tries to open the box on the table*) Stay, this is not lock'd—he cannot help ſeeing it here, when he opens the box. (*laying the paper in the box, and addreſſing herſelf to it*) "Don't you let any body take you out, but my Adelbert, and when you come to his hands, tell him (*takes up the note and kiſſes it*) there,

there, could have that.—Now, if I can get back to my own room before any one asks for me (*goes towards the door*) Oh, dear! hark! I hear somebody on the stairs.—If Adelbert should be come back—No, it's impossible in this short time (*listens*) they are coming.—If I should be found here—cannot I hide myself?—this door is open (*goes into one of the side scenes*)

LEOPOLD *opens the door cautiously—Enters.*

Leop. So—I might have pass'd without the master-key. It is plain the young gentleman has little to lose, or less suspicion of losing it.—Well, here is a man with whom I can hold fellowship—to whom I can at last open a burthen'd heart—a comfort so long denied to me! (LOUISA, *overhearing, claps her hands with expressions of great affection*) Spite of that noble pride which disdains to lie under an obligation, I will enjoy the pleasure of conferring one on him—this for a beginning (*takes a rouleau from his pocket*) Where shall I put the money? This box—aye it is open (*opens the box and sees the note*) Eh! what is this! the very bill I sent by yesterday's post to my daughter! how can it have come into this man's box?—Could the servant I sent with the letter have opened it?—He is seemingly honest. Nay, I know him to be so—"Fie, fie—I am ashamed of myself when I suspect an honest man." Surely Adelbert could not (*discovers suspicion and horror*)—could not have recourse to means, I shudder even to think of!—at least 'tis ground of reasonable suspicion.—Shall I take back the note?—No! what right have I to take out of a stranger's chest, a paper

per, which I ſent to Fenchurch ſtreet three hours ſince! —a perfect riddle!—I'll leave off unleſs I found it—(*puts the bill again in the box*) my money ſhou'd ſtay where it was—(*puts the pocket-book in his pocket*) and now back to my ſolitary chamber, till ſome fortunate conjecture ſhall make me once more hope that man is not altogether hateful!

(*Exit* LEOPOLD.

LOUISA *comes out from the Inner Room.*

Loui. Oh, mercy! what have I done? inſtead of helping poor Adelbert, I have brought him into a ſuſpicion of the baſeſt guilt. What can I do! I muſt e'en go and tell my father who I am, come of it what may. Yes, I'll tell him all—dear, dear, I do tremble ſo!—let me get away before I am caught again (*goes to the door—ſtarts and runs back again, frighten'd*) Oh, mercy! there's ſomebody elſe—this time perhaps it is Adelbert himſelf—I feel as if I had done wrong—but Heaven knows my innocent intentions—I'll hide myſelf once more—(*returns into the inner room.*)

TOTUM *puts his Head in at the Door.*

Tot. Eh! door open! now for a peep (*enters*) nobody here—Pole wounded—ſtopt at hotel—poſt time to debit and proceed. Now, ſure as my name is Tilman Totum, I'll balance the Pole's books—"if detected, transfer account to my maſter, and declare I went by orders."

Loui. (*looking out*) What can Mr. Totum want, I wonder!

Tot.

Tof. (*looking round the room with contempt*) Light [illegible] ſoon taken—"ſmall compaſs [illegible] and thought."—Quick—firſt look over papers—That no deſk! no books!—a fellow of his account—Oh! may be he writes in his cloſet—deals much back-ſhop. (*goes into the cloſet*)

Leo. (*looking from the inner room*) I am frightened out of my wits—he does not perceive me, and I'll ſeize this moment to make my eſcape—I cannot gueſs his deſign, but, whatever it be, I'll lock the door after me, and leave him to anſwer for it.

(*Exit* LEOPOLD, *and locks the door without.*

Tof. (*returns*) Egad, he's a deep one. Where can he keep the balance ſheet? muſt have private books ſomewhere—(*ſees the box on the table*)—Oh, ho! here we have him—now ſee contents—now we'll detect the ſpy—(*takes out the bill of exchange and reads.*) "On demand pay to this my order, the ſum of three hundred crowns." Accepted too? As good as Bank—ah, your ſpies muſt have the wherewith (*reads again*) "Le—o—" What! "Leopold Von"—drawn by my maſter's brother! Zounds, this is forgery! "Aye, aye, this is the uſe he makes of getting his head into good books." We'll go over a few more folios here. (*draws a chair to the table, ſits down, and begins to rummage the box.*) If I can barely find enough to hang him, that's all, (*rummaging*) that's all the harm I wiſh him. Hark! did not I hear ſomething? (*Riſes ſuddenly, replaces every thing in the box, except the note, and ſhuts the box haſtily, which cloſes with a ſpring-lock.*) I'll take a peep down the ſtreet, to be ſure that Mr. Iron-driver is not nearer than I ſuſpect. (*He runs to the window, looks out, and ſtarts.*) Oh, here's a blunder; here's

here's a ſcratch.—Zounds! here's Old Scratch himſelf. Yonder comes the Pole; I ſee his head. Whip off with the box—Egad, the beſt way.—(*Takes up the box and goes towards the door*)—"We'll have a halter for you, Mr. Forgery, and "then ſee whoſe is the ſafeſt head; your's with "a rope round it, or Tilman Totum's with "eighty thouſand marks to credit." (*Goes to the door, tries to open it, and finds it locked.*) Eh! how's this? the door faſt!—O Lord! I am check'd. A plague on him,—I hear him at the foot of the ſtaircaſe—there are only thirty-four ſteps, two landing-places, and a turning, between me and a ſword through my body. Oh, the devil! here he is on the ſtairs. Let's return the note—(*ſets the box down on the table, and tries to open it.*) Devil on devil! the box ſhuts with a ſpring-lock, and the lid is faſt. "O lud, if this piece of forgery "is found upon me, I ſhall be brought in an ac- "complice, and then there'll be a halter for *me*." I have open'd a fine head of account here. Where ſhall I put the note? Here is a trunk as large as our ledger. I'll inſert it here; he won't think of opening this. "At leaſt the note will be wrote "off from my head." (*Opens the trunk, flings the note into it, and ſhuts it again.*)

Enter ADELBERT *and* HANS WILLIAM.

Tot. Mr. Adelbert, your moſt obliged and obedient.

Adel. Mr. Totum, how did you come into my room?

Tot. Brought forward per door, Sir.

Adel. I left my door lock'd.

Tot.

Tot. Gad's-bobs, pardon me, it ſtood open, I ſwear; though there's no occaſion to ſwear that, becauſe it is true.

Adel. But we found it ſhut this moment.

Tot. Why, yes; while I was juſt looking out at the window, a ſudden *draft* came in per chimney, and cloſed the account---cloſed the door, I mean.

Adel. And lock'd it too?

Tot. Lock'd it! Oh, perhaps it ſhuts with a ſpring. (*aſide*) like ſome other curſed locks.

Adel. It does not turn without a key.

" *Tot.* No? not turn!---then it muſt have been " an Eddy wind,---a ſort of *tornado*---we ſuffer " much by them in our trade.

" *Adel.* And" pray, Sir, what might occaſion me the honor of this viſit?

Tot. O Lord, Sir, your chamber commands ſuch a fine view of the foreſt! I was juſt taking a peep, looking over your leaves---the leaves of your trees, I mean. Charming green fields, Sir! ſmooth as the deſks in our counting-houſe. What beautiful geeſe, Sir, on the common yonder! good quills, I warrant; eighteen ſtivers per dozen. You would find them excellent for book-keeping.

(ADELBERT *and* HANS WILLIAM *expreſs contempt of* TOTUM.)

H. Wil. Come, you forget that you are wounded.

Adel. A mere ſcratch on the wriſt.

Tot. Scratches are ſometimes ſerious things.

Adel. A little balſam will cure it; to-morrow there will ſcarcely remain a ſcar---(*goes into the inner-room.*)

Tot.

Tot. (*aside*) Now is my time for getting out without loſs. (*to* H. WIL.) I am glad to find our friend ſo little damaged, Sir. I wiſh you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. Stay, Sir; I could not pardon myſelf, if I did not declare to every one the noble aſſiſtance I have received from that gentleman.

Tot. Another time I ſhall be happy to attend—I wiſh you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. I'll tell it you in a few words.

Tot. (*with great impatience*) As few as you pleaſe. —I have three bills to forward to Amſterdam, ſeven letters of advice, thirteen dunners, all for night's poſt; to be ready at nine, P. M.

H. Wil. As I was finiſhing my wine this afternoon at the hotel, I engaged in a party at Faro, which was at my ſide. (*points to his left hand*).

Tot. Yes, debtor's ſide.

H. Wil. I knew no one; a man in the dreſs of an officer held the bank, ſo, without ſcruple, I punted high, and loſt a good round ſum. On this I wanted to force the game, and put an hundred ducats on one card.

Tot. Yes, a hundred ducats; exactly that ſum I ſhall ſend to agent at Leipſic to-morrow; three notes ready in iron cheſt, No. 21, three months date, No. 29—

H. Wil. Well, well, but, my friend yonder in his bed-room, whoſe name I don't know, ſtood leaning on a chair, and obſerving the game.—You don't attend to me. (TOTUM *looks frequently to the door of the bed-room.*)

Tot. Yes—I do—Sir; attention is the beſt point of buſineſs—I am attending, Sir—to— (*aſide*)

(*aside*) See how I can get off before I am caught by the Pole again.

H. Wil. The card turn'd againſt me, and I was puſhing the coin to the bank; ſtop, Sir, cried he, take your money back, you are cheated. (Tot. *draws back*, H. Wil. *follows.*)

Tot. Yes—cheated!

H. Wil. Up jumps the bankholder, inſults my friend,—both drew their ſwords, and before we could part them, both were wounded.

Tot. Double entry—good check—very extraordinary indeed. I wiſh you a good afternoon, Sir. (Adelbert *returns from the inner room, and advances.* Totum, *going out, meets him.*) A plague! here is the Pole again.

Adel. (*Holding his wriſt with the other hand.*) There, it is dreſs'd. Mr. Totum, be ſo good to lift the lid of that trunk, and take out a ribbon which lies at the top.

Tot. Sir! take out!—excuſe me, Sir. I never take any thing out of other people's trunks.

Adel. You ſee my hands are engaged. If you will be ſo obliging to tie the ribbon, which you will find there, round my wriſt, by to-morrow the whole ſtory will be forgotten.

H. Wil. I ſhall never forget it.

Tot. (*Opening the trunk, and taking out the ribbon which he ties haſtily on* Adelbert's *wriſt*) Well, if I muſt, I—but you had better cloſe the trunk again, Sir.

Adel. (*looks into the trunk and takes out the bill of exchange.*) What's this? a bill of exchange!

Tot. A bill of exchange!

Adel. Where did this come from?

Tot.

Tot. (*aside.*) As if he did not know where it came from!—Oh, no doubt, arrived per mail—poſt, to credit—goods delivered.

Adel. How came it into my trunk?

Tot. Oh, every body knows that.—When received, wrote on to caſh, and then put under lid.

Adel. I'm all amazement! (*a moment's pauſe.*) Mr. Totum, this muſt be your deed.

Tot. Mine, Sir! You don't believe, Sir, that I——

Adel. It is hard to believe indeed; but, all circumſtances conſidered—This gentleman ſhall be judge. When I went out this morning, I left nothing but a few trifles of apparel in my trunk, and at my return I find you locked in my room, and here a note of exchange. It is in vain to deny it; you muſt have put it into my trunk.

Tot. Well, Sir—if I muſt confeſs, I did put it into the trunk, but—

Adel. Generous man! how have I miſtaken you! You ſaw me caſt down by misfortune, and wiſhed to lift me from the ground. But this, Sir, cannot be accepted.

Tot. Zounds! it is accepted already. You have only to offer it for payment, and then—(*aside*) we'll have you taken up for forgery, and *lift you from the ground* preſently.

Adel. Mr. Totum, I muſt inſiſt on your taking it.

" *Tot.* Take it! I would not take it at diſcount.

" *Adel.* Can you refuſe to take back three " hundred crowns?

" *Tot.* Certainly one would be very glad to " take three hundred crowns; but—but—

" *Adel.* It is your property. You owned you put it into my trunk.

Tot.

Tot. You—but I swear I found it in your box.

Adel. That is impossible. I have not so much wealth in the world. If it do not come from you—

Tot. From me! I protest before this gentleman, I have nothing to do with it.

Adel. Then I must entreat you, at least, to carry it back to the person from whom it came.

Tot. (*aside*) That person is the devil.—I beg to be excused, Sir. I don't keep cash there. I don't know the parties.

Adel. Sir, I insist on it.

Tot. I cannot indeed, Sir.

Adel. You offend me.

Tot. I am sorry for it, Sir; but—

Adel. I beg—

Tot. I can by no means—I—I—(*sees the door open*) I wish you a good afternoon, Sir. I see the door's open, and so—egad, here's a bolt for it.

(*runs out.*)

H. Wil. Do you really think such a fellow as that capable of an act of generosity?

Adel. No—but the generous Leopold—

H. Wil. Be who he may, has chosen a vile deputy. But let that pass—one thing is clear—from what I have now witness'd—you are possessed of every thing that a brave man should have, except money. My purse is at your command—you have open'd my heart already, and I should think myself a mean wretch indeed, if, when the strings of my heart are touch'd, those of my purse did not instantly follow.

Adel. The debt that lies on your heart, pay in the heart's coin, when you please. At present I am in no want of money.

H. Wil. I heartily wish you were for my own sake. Do you know you have brought me into a house where I am no stranger?

Adel.

Adel. As a merchant, the house of Von Snarl cannot be unknown to you.

H. Wil. That's not all: I have a close speculation here on the person of one Louisa Rose.

Adel. (*starts*) Louisa Rose!

H. Wil. Do you know her?

Adel. (*embarrassed, but recollecting himself*) Yes.

H. Wil. You do! then there is really such a person?

Adel. There is only one Louisa Rose in the world.

H. Wil. I comprehend—Hans William, you are come here a day too late. Is she rich?

Adel. Unfortunately she [illegible]

H. Wil. Unfortunately! for whom?

Adel. What have I said! "pardon me, my friend." You have an honest open countenance, and it led me half way to a confession, which—

H. Wil. You may very safely entrust to me—Go on.

Adel. A confidence so rashly ventured—

H. Wil. Is, I own, as rare as the generous action, by which you have made me your friend for life.

Adel. I cannot resist you—yes, I love Louisa—the agitation in which you see me, will tell you how much I love her. While I believed her the orphan of a poor and humble clergyman, I flattered myself I might have obtained her—but, alas!—

H. Wil. What! did not Von Snarl acknowledge her for his daughter?

Adel. Louisa his daughter!

H. Wil. He told me so himself just now—

Adel. She said her father was rich! (*with emotion*)

H. Wil. I am to marry her.

Adel. (*starts*) You are to marry her!

H. Wil. I came hither for no other purpose.

Adel.

Adel. And will you marry her?

H. Wil. (*holds out his hand to* ADELBERT) What! and break the heart of a man who has risked his life for me! give me your hand. (*they shake hands*) If you cannot make an answer for me to that question, I'll make none for myself

Adel. But I heard of a match that was in treaty for Josephine.

H. Wil. Josephine! well, that's she, is it not?

Adel. I don't understand you.

H. Wil. Von Snarl has but one daughter, has he?

Adel. Did not you say Louisa too was his daughter?

H. Wil. Eh!---I begin to suspect some mistake ---let us examine, if you please.

Adel. You came to this house to marry Louisa---

H. Wil. No: I came to marry Josephine, Von Snarl's daughter.

Adel. And who wants to force Louisa on you?

H. Wil. Why, are not Josephine and Louisa the same person?

Adel. By no means.

H. Wil. Then one of them has made a fool of me. Which of the two is the merrier?

Adel. Josephine.

H. Wil. Hurra! that's my girl then!---shake hands again---the first was a sentimental shake, and this is a merry one. We shall not be rivals.

Adel. Again I do not comprehend you.

H. Wil. Why, the truth is, I am very properly served---I came into this house under a false name, and the girls have outwitted me---Josephine suspected my design, and pass'd herself on me for Louisa Rose. I'll be reveng'd; tho' egad, I like her better than ever.

Adel. Then you know nothing of Louiſa?

H. Wil. I never imagined, till this moment, that there was ſuch a perſon in exiſtence. I'll go down and look for that merry girl again, and if I find her——(*going*) One word before I go, my dear, new friend——You perceive I am likely to have ſome intereſt in this houſe, and if it can avail you with Louiſa, you ſhall find that the mark a raſcal has left on your wriſt, will be much ſooner worn away than the impreſſion you have made on an honeſt man's heart. Come along.

[*Exeunt* HANS WILLIAM *and* ADELBERT.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in VON SNARL's *House.*

Enter Mrs. ROSE, *with keys in her hand, croſſing the ſtage,* JOSEPHINE *following.*

Jos. MRS. Roſe!

Mrs. R. Aye, to be ſure! Mrs. Roſe muſt be every where at once! Well, child, what do you want with Mrs. Roſe?

Joſ. I thought I ſaw Mr. Adelbert return.

Mrs. R. Yes, yes, he is come home ſure enough.

Joſ. And a young gentleman with him——

Mrs. R. A young gentleman!——I was on the ſtair-caſe, with a ſugar-loaf under my arm—ſo I ſtop'd and made a curtſy. Mr. Adelbert bow'd very politely, I muſt ſay that for him—but the other *young gentleman* bruſh'd by me, as if he would have knock'd me down.

Joſ. He was attentive only to his friend, who was wounded.

Mrs. R. Manners are good at all times, ſay I.

Enter LOUISA.

Well, Louiſa——

Joſ. Have you heard what occaſioned the duel?

Louiſ. Oh! it was ſuch a generous action of Mr. Adelbert, to——

Mrs. R.

Mrs. R. A generous action! to thruſt a ſword thro' a man's body! You have forgot, I fancy, what excellent things my huſband ſaid in his ſermon againſt duels——Poor dear Dr. Olearius!

Loui. Dear mother, if you would now but ſtep up to poor Mr. Adelbert—perhaps he wants help--you have ſeveral fine receipts for wounds, you know.

Mrs. R. Child, I have a great many excellent wound-balſams—but *I* ſtep up into the young man's room! you know before one is come to a certain age—

Loui. A certain age!—and what does that ſignify? I think at any time of life we ſhould give our help to a fellow-creature, when it is wanted.

Mrs. R. You are right, my dear:—When we can be uſeful, we muſt ſometimes diſregard ſlanderous tongues—ſo I'll carry Mr. Adelbert the black ointment, which ſtands on the chimney in my room—but don't let any body know it.

Joſ. Oh, there's only that young man there, he won't tell.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy! if it ſhould be known that I viſited a young man in his bed-room!—however, I'll carry him the black ointment.

[*Exit* Mrs. Rose.

Loui. Now, my dear Joſephine, let me tell you what has paſt—but I am ſo confuſed, I can hardly ſpeak.

Joſ. For joy, or grief?

Loui. Oh! for both. In the firſt place—my father—

Joſ. Whoſe whims begin to tire me—

Loui. I ſummoned up all my courage, and ſpoke to him—and am ſo happy—

Joſ.

Jof. Well—what has paſs'd?

Loui. He promis'd to tell me all his ſorrows.

Jof. Then, I don't wonder at your being ſo happy! Upon my word you are much obliged to him—

Loui. And he deſired me to meet him in his room—

Jof. And are you prepared in what you will ſay to him?

Loui. No, not I—but my heart will be full—and then I warrant I ſhan't want words to tell it's meaning.

H. Wil. (*without*) Joſephine! Joſephine!

Jof. Who calls me?

[LOUISA *goes to the ſide of the ſtage*, HANS WILLIAM *enters and ſeizes her hand.*]

H. Wil. Oh! are you found by your true name? eh! who is this? I beg a thouſand pardons, ma'am—

Jof. Ha, ha! fairly caught! Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this young lady—This is Miſs Joſephine—My dear Joſephine, this is Mr. Timothy Triſle—

Loui. Sir, my name is Louiſa Roſe—

H. Wil. Another Louiſa Roſe?—And yet I heard a perſon in this houſe ſay juſt now, that there is but one Louiſa Roſe in the world—(JOSEPHINE *ſmiles*, LOUISA *bluſhes.*) Well, my dear Louiſa Roſes, inform me where I may find the real, genuine, *ſingle* Joſephine.

Jof. What is your pleaſure, Sir, with her?

H. Wil. Exactly this—If you are both Louiſa Roſe, I have no buſineſs with either of you—but if you are both Joſephine, I am reſolved I'll marry you both.

Jof.

Loui. Is not this the gentleman you expected to-day?

Jof. What, my lover, Hans William? Oh, no; he wears a full bottom'd wig, has a ſhrill voice, and is bandy-leg'd.

H. Wil. He is very like me, for all that.

Jof. No. I have been expecting him this whole morning, and in the mean time comes this ſaucy——

H. Wil. Take care what you are going to call me——(LOUISA *is going*)

Jof. Stay, Louiſa, don't go——not that I am afraid of being left alone with Mr. Triſle, but that——

Loui. I muſt go, now, to the perſon I told you of——when I come back, I'll meet you in your room. [*Exit* LOUISA.

Jof. And now, Sir, I deſire to know whether you are Hans William, or Triſle?

H. Wil. Which do you wiſh?

Jof. Neither——Can you ſpeak the truth?

H. Wil. Certainly.

Jof. Do it, then, this moment.

H. Wil. I am in love with you.

Jof. Poh! who aſked you that?

H. Wil. Have you ſettled, what day will be convenient for our wedding?

Jof. What, then, you are determined to marry me?

H. Wil. Poſitively.

Jof. And have you ſpoken to my father?

H. Wil. Yes.

Jof. And what ſaid he?

H. Wil. He requeſted me never to put my foot over his threſhold again.

Jof.

Jof. Indeed! and what induces you to refuſe him ſuch a trifling requeſt?

H. Wil. I do not—I mean to take him at his word, only I deſign to take you with me.

Jof. Are you quite ſure of that?

H. Wil. Quite.—

Jof. Without letting me know who you are! When a man intends to rob an honeſt girl of her name, he ſhould at leaſt provide her with another.

H. Wil. Nay, I gave you your choice of two.

Jof. Well, then, your name is not Trifle.

H. Wil. No more than your's is Louiſa Roſe.

Jof. Why did you wiſh to impoſe on me?

H. Wil. I'll tell you. Your father and mine have treated our love a little too much in a mercantile manner,

Jof. *Our* love!

H. Wil. I did not wiſh to contradict *my* father, and as my heart was free, I neither promiſed or refuſed, but I was determined firſt to take a look at you. "If I had not liked you, "I ſhould have been off again in a moment—"but—here I am ſtill—and, to own the truth at "once—I do like you.

"*Jof.* You're very flattering.

"*H. Wil.* And therefore, meaning to be a "dutiful ſon—(*advances towards* Jos.)

Jof. "Hold! hold! not in ſuch haſte"—perhaps I may have a mind firſt to look at you too.

H. Wil. With all my heart—(*turns round.*)

Jof. The outſide is well enough—but who will anſwer for the inſide?

H. Wil.

H. Wil. That you'll find out after the wedding.

Jof. A clear bargain, *my* father ſays, prevents quarrels—ſuppoſe we agree to tell our own faults to one another, and then try if we can be friends.

H. Wil. With all my heart.

Jof. Well, do you begin.

H. Wil. Firſt, I am hotheaded and paſſionate.

Jof. That may be cured by good temper on my part.

H. Will. I'm careleſs—

Jof. That will be cured, when you have a wife to look after.

H. Wil. I am vain.

Jof. That you muſt only be of me.

H. Wil. I ſhall be vainer than ever, if I win you for my wife.

Jof. Well, that I'll forgive—proceed.

H. Wil. That is all.

Jof. Oh, then you may be endured.

H. Wil. I hope ſo—and now it's your turn to tell your faults.

Jof. I have none.

H. Wil. None at all!

Jof. Girls have no faults before marriage.

H. Wil. And after marriage?

Jof. Have none but in the eyes of their huſbands.

H. Wil. So, we have ſettled our accounts already.

Jof. Hold, hold! there are a few other things to be diſcuſs'd. Have you no bad habits?

H. Wil. None that I know of.

Jof. How do you paſs the day, when you are at home?

H. Wil.

H. Wil. I have a foolish custom of my country—I like a pipe for an hour or two.

Jos. I cannot endure it—you must give up the pipe.

H. Wil. I shall find that difficult, perhaps.

Jos. As you please—I can play with my lap-dog, while you are smoking.

H. Wil. Your lap-dog!

Jos. I can leave him, when you leave your pipe.

H. Wil. I give up the pipe—

Jos. I give up the lap-dog. Well, proceed with the day.

H. Wil. I love to dine at two.

Jos. I hate to dine 'till four.

H. Wil. For your sake I can dine an hour later.

Jos. To oblige you, I would dine an hour earlier.

H. Wil. Then at three—

Jos. Agreed.

H. Wil. After dinner I take a nap.

Jos. And I take an airing.

H. Wil. Without me!

Jos. I cannot take your bed in my carriage.

H. Wil. But suppose I don't sleep—

Jos. Then I don't go out.

H. Wil. In the evening I go to the club.

Jos. And I invite company.

H. Wil. Whom I don't know!

Jos. I cannot ask your club into my apartment.

H. Wil. Then I shall stay at home—

Jos. And I shall have no company but those whom you invite.

H. Wil. Well—ſo far we proceed cordially—but I have one bad habit, I own, not ſo eaſy to be got rid of—you will overlook it, I dare ſay—I cannot help falling in love with every pretty woman I ſee.

Joſ. Oh, that's of no importance at all.

H. Wil. Indeed!—well, that's very good-natured. *(Nettled.)*

Joſ. I cannot be otherwiſe than good-natured on that head, becauſe I have exactly the ſame fault.

H. Wil. Eh!

Joſ. I cannot help liking every handſome man that comes in my way.

H. Wil. What!

Joſ. I like to hear men pay me compliments.

H. Wil. Do you?

Joſ. Make proteſtations to me—

H. Wil. Do you?

Joſ. Swear ſolemn vows to me—

H. Wil. Do you?

Joſ. To be ſure—what is the matter with you? You diſlike it, *do you?*

H. Wil. Suppoſe we both leave off this laſt trick?

Joſ. How is that to be managed?

H. Wil. Suppoſe I have no eyes but for you?

Joſ. To that I conſent.

H. Wil. Suppoſe you have none but for me?

Joſ. That will be the conſequence of the other.

H. Wil. Say you ſo? then give me your hand in earneſt.

Joſ. Yes—but you muſt firſt obtain my father's leave to ſtep over the threſhold.

H. Wil.

H. Hil. (*snatches her hand and kisses it*). Come along, my charming girl, I'll obtain your father's leave to do every thing that you bid me, as long as we live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[LEOPOLD'S *Apartment, hung round with black; at the back of the stage the door of a Cabinet, or small inner room, closed, and silk curtains drawn before it. Furniture suited to the melancholy of the apartment.*]

Enter LEOPOLD, *musing.*

An hour has nearly passed, and Louisa will presently be here. For the first time, since fifteen years have elapsed, the foot of a stranger will tread this sanctuary of my sorrows—for the first time my heart will open itself to sympathy, and the tears of another being will be mixed with mine. I feel myself unaccountably attracted towards that good girl. Hark! she is come.

LOUISA *opens the door, and enters timorously.*

Leop. You are true to your appointment, Louisa.

Lou. I have counted the minutes ever since I left you. What a dark and dismal room this is!

Leop. It wears the colour of mourning.—"In "the first hours of grief the eye feeds with plea- "sure on these congenial hues—but a real and "lasting grief outlives the very sense of these vain "distinctions"—

" diſtinctions."—In my ſight theſe walls are now a mere blank.—So alſo to me is life,—mournful and void.

Loui. You ſaid your life was not always ſo ſad.

Leop. I enjoyed it's morning—but it's noon was ſtormy;—and, now, it's cloſing eve, ſhade deepening over ſhade, wraps me, bewildered and perplexed, in cheerleſs darkneſs.

Loui. But indeed, indeed, I am ſure your evening may be brighter, if you chooſe.

Leop. If *I* chooſe!—Can I command the clouds that lower round my ſetting ſun?

Loui. Yes, I do think you may. Now, pray, liſten to me;—" You have been very good to " me—you have given me your confidence—" you have made me feel as if I belonged to " you;—and now you have done all this—" don't be angry with me, if I ſpeak what I think.

Leop. Be angry with you, my good girl!

Loui. Yes,—don't be angry with me, if I tell you, that I think you have been unkind to yourſelf.

Leop. How ſo, Louiſa?

Loui. By caſting *one* from you, whoſe love and duty teach her, that her chief happineſs would be to give you comfort.

Leop. I underſtand you, Louiſa. But tell me,—tell me, girl, wherefore you are ſo warmly intereſted in my daughter's fate.—You ſpoke to me of her before.

Loui. She—ſhe is my friend.

Leop. Why did you not inform me of this ſooner?

Loui. Becauſe I know how earneſtly your poor child ſighs for her father's love;—becauſe I could

could find no reaſon why you ſhould be ſo ſevere towards her;—and becauſe I wanted to obſerve you firſt, and learn on what account it was you hated her.

Leop. Hated her! tell me ſomething of my daughter.

" *Louiſ.* I can tell you nothing, but of her un-
" happineſs—of her tears.

" *Leop.* (*affected*) Does ſhe feel ſuch love
" for me?

" *Louiſ.* Does ſhe *love* you!"—Oh! Since ſhe has been old enough to learn what happineſs means, the wiſh to be known to you has been the deareſt of her heart. Her tears have often fallen upon my boſom. She has, many and many a time, felt bitter anguiſh, while ſhe ſat alone, ſighing out—" My father does not love me!"

Leop. She ſhall return to me—

Louiſ. Shall ſhe?—ſhall ſhe indeed!

Leop. Yes! Let her come! And, when claſping her in my arms, joy ſhall overpower my ſenſes, and tears ſhall be my only utterance, then—then ſhe will be aſſured that I love her.

Louiſ. (*trembling, and graſping* LEOPOLD's *hand*) I—I hope I may believe you.

" *Leop.* You have a right to doubt; but do
" not condemn me, girl, if I have appeared
" cold and unconcerned for one, whoſe welfare
" is ſo dear to me;—ſuch as, for theſe few
" months paſt, *you* have ſeen me—ſuch have I
" been for ſeventeen years; during that pe-
" riod, I have ſometimes lived for men, but no
" one has lived for me.—You, my good girl,

" are

"are the first who have rekindled in my heart
"the desire to see my daughter.

"*Loui.* Then blessed be the moment in which
"I entered this house!

"*Leop.* I bless it."—Hear me, Louise, censure me, but pity and excuse me. I was once rich, for I possessed, in a virtuous wife, the only true riches of this world, Content and Cheerfulness. When the Creator finished his glorious work of nature, he added its last bright ornament, Woman!—I loved one alone among all beings.—"I had chosen her from a world, and from a world I would still choose her."—The years of our first love fled swiftly into that eternity where she now resides.—The birth of a daughter was the dearest and last moment of my happiness.—Scarcely had she beheld the light, when her mother died—(LOUISA *appears affected*) her infant cries were the dirge of all my joys on earth.

Loui. Poor innocent!

Leop. While yet Emilia's grave was fresh, I clasp'd her infant to my bosom, and, flying from the world, resolved to live for my child alone.—She was the only creature left to me on earth.

Loui. And why did you forsake that child?

Leop. Mark me.—As I convey'd my little one to the fostering refuge I had provided for her, methought her mother's spirit beamed in her features.—Oh! what did that look effect!—"The keen remembrance of my loss pierced "anew into my soul."—I dreaded to turn my eyes again towards my child.—her existence had destroyed what was dearer to me than my own.—

I en-

I entrusted her with those, of whose kind hearts I was well assured ---Business called me away--- concerns of my wife's fortune---(*after a pause, he shudders*) I have never returned to my child.

Lou. Had she deserved this?

Leop. Day after day, year after year, have I ardently sighed to meet my child again. But she is well, and happy,---and what could my presence bestow? The sight of my affliction---of my misery.---I "strove to rouse me "from despair---I turned from the grave, which "had devoured my hopes, and sought for consola- "tion among men---I told them my sorrows, "and met derision---until at last I shut my bo- "som against the world, and" fled, where only I could escape torment---to solitude.

Lou. Ah! I'm afraid you found little comfort there.

Leop. Such as you see me now possess. Yet here has fancy furnished me with ample food for sadness;---here have I framed a sacred record of my beloved Emilia;---here I gathered every remember'd object, that had been dear to her;---yes---here her spirit dwells; here often in my thoughts has communed with me.---Else, how could I have endured so much?

[*During these last lines,* LEOPOLD *takes* LOUISA'S *hand with great emotion, and leads her towards the door of the cabinet,---stops suddenly.*]

Wilt thou not tremble, girl? Yet, 'tis imagination fills the scene---all is but shew---the mockery of my heart's pangs.

[*Opens*

[*Opens the folding doors of the cabinet, and diſcovers, within, an emblematic tranſparency, in which is the name of* EMILIA, *written in large characters.*]

Loui. (*nearly fainting, falls on the ground*) My mother!

Leop. Wat do you mean?—Who art thou, Louiſa?

Loui. Your daughter. (LEOPOLD, *trembling, raiſes her*) Forgive me, my dear father, but—

Leop. Art thou indeed my daughter?

Loui. Oh! Does not your heart tell you ſo? (*Throws herſelf into his arms.*)

Leop. Oh, yes—thou art—thou art my child.

Loui. My letters could not move you.—I wiſh'd ſtill to try if I could win your love.—Joſephine aſſiſted me—I paſs'd here for the daughter of——

Leop. I comprehend it all.—How could I ſo long deny myſelf this comfort! (*embraces her*) Support me, my child,—lead me nearer,—that, in the preſence of thy mother's ſpirit, I may bleſs thee—

[*A noiſe heard without,* LEOPOLD *ſtarts, and ſhuts the cabinet.* ADELBERT *enters haſtily.*]

Adel. Pardon, generous man,—pardon this intruſion. I *muſt* have leave to ſpeak,—you have given me ſo ſingular a proof of your benevolence.

Leop. You ſurpriſe me!—I, Sir?

Adel. Was is not by your order that this note was conveyed into my room?

Leop. No, not by mine,—(*looks at* LOUISA, *who caſts down her eyes*) but I gueſs by whom it was beſtow'd. That glowing cheek, that down-caſt look,

look diſcloſe the truth—the perſon, to whom you are indebted, ſtands before you—

Adel. Louiſa!—

Leop. Give me the note—Come, my children, let us haſten to meet my brother—he has long borne with my diſcontent—he ſhall be the firſt witneſs of my returning joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Hall.

Enter TOTUM, *in a great buſtle, and* NICOLAS.

Tot. Well, Nicolas—are the conſtables poſted?

Nic. They are ready, down at the door—

Tot. Down at the door—right. Let no one take his head out of the houſe; if I call, be ready, at a moment's notice—away—no blunders—good Nicolas.

[*Exeunt* TOTUM *and* NICOLAS *on oppoſite ſides.*

Enter VON SNARL, JOSEPHINE, *and* HANS WILLIAM.

V. Sn. Fine doings, indeed! Did not I tell you never to come into my houſe again?

H. Wil. And did not I tell you that I would come into it again? This is the letter from my father—

V. Sn. Pſha! I ſuppoſe it's all about the red noſe and the peaches.

H. Wil. Read it.

V. Sn. What ſhould I read it for? I have told you already to get out of my houſe.

H. Wil. I'll go, as ſoon as you have read the letter.

V. Sn. Well, you ſhall not ſpoil the ſweetneſs of my temper. I have read many uſeleſs letters in my life before this: (*opens the letter and reads*) "The bearer of this, my lawful ſon and heir, Hans William, (*ſurpriſed*) whom I ſend in good condition"—

H. Wil. Yes, I'm in pretty good caſe—

V. Sn. "By this day's mail"—hem—"Vander Houſen & Co."—the devil! you have taken me in, (*forces a laugh*) ha—ha—I thought you had too honeſt a face for a cheat. Did not I tell you, Joſephine, he was of prime quality—but *Hans* muſt not come near you—(*to* H. W.) give me your hand—you are a rogue and a wit; but if you had not been a rich rogue, like myſelf—

Joſ. (*to* H. Wil.) You would be a rogue and a thief—

H. Wil. And muſt never more have put my foot over the threſhold—

V. Sn. Well, well, why d'ye put me in mind of that? If I had not the ſweeteſt temper—

Enter Leopold.

Leop. Brother, give me joy—Louiſa Roſe ſhall be married to-day, as you ſaid.

V. Sn. Oh, ſhe conſents at laſt to take eighty thouſand marks, does ſhe?

Leop. She will give her hand, as it ſhould always be given, where the heart guides it.

V. Sn.

V. Sn. And why did she plague me this morning with all that nonsense?—Only to put me in a passion!

Enter TOTUM *and* Mrs. ROSE.

Tot. Now, Sir, the constables are at the door—he cannot have negociated the bill already—Oh, yonder he comes—now, Sir—

Leop. (*looks towards the side scene*) Adelbert! a bill! what is all this?

V. Sn. Why, what should it be? Totum has a charge against my lodger for a note, purporting to be drawn by you, for three hundred crowns.

H. Wil. Against my friend!

V. Sn. Your friend! Do you know any thing more of him?

H. Wil. Yes, I know him for one who thinks every stranger entitled to his regard, and who will rather risk his life, than suffer an honest man to become the dupe of a knave. Perhaps I may find (*looks at* TOTUM *with scorn*) an opportunity of doing as much for him.

Leop. Here is the note, written by myself—you found it in the hands of a man of integrity, and, as a proof of my esteem for him, I mean to make him heir to my whole fortune.

V. Sn. You do!—and pray what becomes of your daughter?

Enter ADELBERT *and* LOUISA.

Leop. Behold her. (VON SNARL *and* TOTUM *express surprise*) In the fond and artless affections of her mind, while I recognized the image of her whom I adored, I read likewise, in forcible characters, my own duty—yes—this is my daughter, and, if I guess the heart aright—this is my son.

Adel. An outcaſt!

Leop. You have found an aſylum here. Accept her, Adelbert: with my whole heart I give her to you.

Mrs. R. Oh, what a fine ſermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius wou'd have made on this occaſion!

V. Sn. So! I ſhall give Louiſa a wedding-dinner, as I ſaid—I'm right this time, in ſpite of you all.

Tot. And if this be the caſe, I may as well make the conſtables void.—Hymen has proteſted my draught; "and, for fear the Pole ſhould "make a ſcratch in my ledger, I won't leave "him a *ſingle ſide* for a memorandum ſheet".—Hang Hymen!—Plague light on the Pole!

[*Exit* TOTUM.

Leop. The indulgence of a gloomy temper has ſtolen from my life its ſweeteſt hours, and drawn ſighs from the boſom of innocence—my child, forgive me!—Amid tears of anguiſh and deſpair you were baptized.—Amid thoſe of repentance and joy, receive a father's bleſſing!—"Convinced "of my error, I will now return with cheerful-"neſs to the world, and bear, without repining, "the lot which heaven has aſſigned me.—The "preſent emotions of my heart inſtruct me, that "there is no cordial for a parent's ſorrows be-"yond the virtuous affection of A DAUGHTER."

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT AND MRS. GIBBS.

Enter TOTUM, *with a Pencil and Pocket-Book, as cyphering*, LOUISA *following him.*

Loui. What! counting ſtill?—Let *our* account be ſtated.

Tot. Debit or credit?—

Loui. Both muſt *hence* be rated—

Tot. You know I cloſed my books—my chance was over.

You ſcratch'd my heart, and then *ſcratch'd out* the lover,
Yet was that juſt?—when I the firſt of clerks,
Totum, ſole heir to eighty thouſand marks—
Aye—eighty thouſand marks, as I could prove—

Loui. I'd value more one ſingle mark of love.

Tot. Oh! mighty pretty! Mark you whom you ſcorn?
Numbers had thought you fortunately born—

Loui. Numbers!

Tot. Beware, how *numbers* you deſpiſe:—
A lucky number conſtitutes a prize:
And ſafe, at leaſt, thro' life th' account will run,
If you ſtill do, as numbers long have done.
Nay, more—of various numbers note the uſe;
To take your troubles off, you call THE DEUCE!
In boyiſh paſtimes of our early lives,
We ſport and gambol in a game of FIVES;
And riper wits, when they aſpire to ſhine,
Whom do they firſt addreſs for aid? THE NINE.
A magic ſpell's in numbers.

Loui.

Loui. May be ſo—
But ſay, has love to do with numbers? No—
Who truly courts his ſmile, will numbers ſhun,
And look for happineſs in—

Tot. (*interrupting* LOUISA) Number one.
" Then ſince by *characters* each number's known,
" Whoſe character to-night was firſt? my own.

Loui. " No, mine:—I ſhew'd, a female's virtuous heart
" Is the beſt cordial for misfortune's ſmart:
" When gloomy diſcontent and ſorrow ſtrove
" To rob me of a parent's guardian love,
" When wintry coldneſs ſat upon his brow,
" And ſcarce his heart could Nature's claim allow,
" I tried to ſpeak a gentle word or two,
" Tried what affection, duty, love, could do.
" Till all the chilling froſt diſſolv'd away,
" And Hope return'd to cheer his cloſe of day."

Tot. Yet there *are* numbers that are ſure to pleaſe:
The more the merrier—

Loui. Aye! which are they?

Tot. Theſe. (*points to the audience*)
Each ſide well balanc'd with a good round ſum,
You'll welcome all, as many as will come.

Loui. Yes, theſe, I own, afford me ſatisfaction;
From theſe no harm can come—

Tot. Save by ſubtraction.
[*Advances with three low bows, and addreſſes the audience.*]
Account ſtands open:—Seaſon---ſmall and ſhort;—
Goods---truſt you find them neat as we import:
'Bating performer's nights, or newer fun,
We hope th' account will prove a running one.

Loui.

Loui. (advances from the ſide ſcene)
Our Author trembles—
Tot. What! while here we ſue
To ſuch fair faces as, to count them true—
Loui. Seem all bright ſtars, that gentle influence teach,
Tot. Brilliants—I write---ten thouſand dollars each.
Here while I'm firſt---to plead---be you *(to Louiſa)* my
ſecond---
You *(to the audience)* grant us plaudits, more than can
be reckon'd;
The trembling bard deliver from affright,
And prove my ready reck'ning ſtill is---right.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM